

# THE ATHENÆUM



A JOURNAL OF  
ENGLISH & FOREIGN LITERATURE,  
SCIENCE, THE FINE ARTS, MUSIC,  
& THE DRAMA.



No. 4660. [REGISTERED AS]  
A NEWSPAPER.]

FRIDAY, AUGUST 22, 1919.

SIXPENCE.  
Postage: U.K. ½d.; Abroad, 1d.

## THE MANCHESTER GUARDIAN Weekly Edition

UNIVERSITY

Order now from your newsagent.  
Send to your Friends abroad.

- ¶ *The weekly edition is generally for circulation overseas, but also for readers in this country who live far enough away to make delivery of the daily issue impossible.*
- ¶ *The weekly edition contains a selection of the features of more permanent interest from the daily. The news is covered by specially written summaries.*
- ¶ *In addition, there are comments on the news from the "Manchester Guardian" point of view.*

Buy it yourself and send it to your Friend.  
2d. a week from the newsagent, or 2½d. post free.

Send a postal order for 13s. and we will send your friend abroad the weekly edition for a whole year.

3, CROSS STREET, MANCHESTER.

## Appointments Vacant

### DENBIGHSHIRE EDUCATION AUTHORITY.

**LLANRWST COUNTY INTERMEDIATE SCHOOL.**  
**A**PPICATIONS are hereby invited for the POST of HEADMASTER of the above School, the duties to commence in January 1920.

The Head Master will receive a fixed stipend of £180 per annum, and a Capitation payment for each Scholar in the School calculated on such a Scale, uniform or graduated, as may be fixed from time to time by the School Governors, at the rate of not less than £1 10s. nor more than £3 a year, but in no case shall the salary be less than £500 per annum.

The Head Master will also be provided with a house free of rent, rates, and taxes.

Candidates must be graduates in honours of a British University, and a knowledge of Welsh is desirable.

The person appointed will be required to carry out, and be subject to, the provisions of the Denbighshire Intermediate and Technical Education Scheme, No. 11, and any amendment thereof which may be hereafter made so far as the same relates to the Llanrwst County Intermediate School.

Candidates canvassing directly or indirectly will be disqualified.

Application endorsed "Head Master, Llanrwst County School," accompanied by 40 copies of three recent testimonials, must reach the undersigned on or before the 13th September, 1919.

J. C. DAVIES, M.A.  
 Secretary and Director of Education.

### LIVERPOOL EDUCATION COMMITTEE.

#### CITY SCHOOL OF ART.

**T**HE Liverpool Education Committee invite APPLICATIONS for the APPOINTMENT of ASSISTANT MASTER in the Antique, Still Life, &c. Drawing Department at their School of Art, at a salary of £200 per annum (together with War Bonus according to the Scale of the City Council).

Forms of application and particulars of the appointment may be obtained from the Director of Education, Education Offices, Sir Thomas Street, Liverpool, to whom applications, with copies of testimonials, must be sent not later than Saturday, August 30.

E. R. PICKMERE,  
 Clerk to the Education Authority.

### NEWNHAM COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

**T**HE Governing Body of Newnham College invite APPLICATIONS for the POST of BURSAR, which will be vacant in January, 1920. Salary £200 a year with board and residence throughout the year.

The Bursar will be a fellow of the College and a member of the Governing Body.

Last day for applications, October 1.

For further particulars apply to the PRINCIPAL, Newnham College.

**U**NIVERSITY OF BRISTOL.—The University will shortly proceed to appoint an ASSISTANT LECTURER in ENGLISH LITERATURE.

Stipend £250 a year.

Duties to commence on October 1st, 1919.

Applications should be sent by September 4th to the REGISTRAR, from whom further information may be obtained.

### K NUTSFORD.—ORDINATION TEST SCHOOL.

**D**EMOBILIZED OFFICERS WANTED as INSTRUCTORS in GREEK and NATURAL SCIENCE (one in each). Graduates. Athletics if possible, but disabled men not debarred. £250, plus full board, and rooms in school.—Apply, with testimonials, to the Principal.

**R**EQUIRED, thoroughly competent, well-educated JEWISH SHORTHAND TYPIST. Must be able to take dictation in German as well as English Shorthand.—Apply ZIONIST ORGANISATION, 76-77, Gt. Russell St., London, W.C. 2.

**C**ANADA.—WANTED for GIRLS' BOARDING SCHOOL near Montreal, for September, experienced MUSIC MISTRESS (A.R.C.M. preferred) for piano and junior violin. Associated Board Examinations taken. £110 res. passage paid. Also GYMNASTIC MISTRESS (Swedish system) for drill, games, dancing, hygiene. £100 res. and passage.

Apply, with references, Miss STEADMAN, 6, St. Margaret's Terrace St. Leonards-on-Sea.

## Educational

### UNIVERSITY OF BIRMINGHAM.

#### FACULTIES.

SCIENCE,	MEDICINE,
ARTS,	COMMERCE,
SPECIAL SCHOOLS OF LANGUAGES.	

DEPARTMENT FOR TRAINING OF TEACHERS.

#### Schools of

ENGINEERING,	MINING,
METALLURGY,	BREWING,
DENTISTRY,	SOCIAL STUDY.

Leading to Degrees and Diplomas.

THE SESSION 1919-20 COMMENCES OCTOBER 7, 1919.  
 ALL COURSES AND DEGREES ARE OPEN TO BOTH MEN  
 AND WOMEN STUDENTS.

In the Medical School Courses of Instruction are arranged to meet the requirements of other Universities and Licensing Bodies.

Graduates or persons who have passed Degree Examinations of other Universities may, after one year's study or research, take a Master's Degree.

Separate **Syllabuses** with full information as to Lecture and Laboratory Courses, Fees, Regulations for Degrees, Diplomas, &c., Exhibitions and Scholarships, are published as follows:

1. Faculty of Science.
2. Faculty of Arts.
3. Faculty of Medicine.
4. Faculty of Commerce.
5. Department of Social Study.
6. Department of the Biology and Chemistry of Fermentation.
7. Exhibitions, Scholarships, etc.,

and will be sent on application to the undersigned.

GEO. H. MORLEY, Secretary

### UNIVERSITY OF LIVERPOOL.

#### THE UNIVERSITY TRAINING COLLEGE.

**S**PECIAL COURSES OF INSTRUCTION AND TRAINING for persons who desire to prepare themselves for APPOINTMENTS in CONTINUATION SCHOOLS will be begun in the Autumn Term, 1919.

- (a) Graduates or students who are judged to have qualifications equivalent to a degree will be received for a course of One Year.
- (b) Students who are not yet graduates may be received for a course of Two Years.
- (c) Shorter courses for specially approved students may also be instituted.

Students who desire to enter upon any of these courses should apply to the Principal of the Training College, by whom information will be given as to the scope of the courses and as to Grants and Fees

### LONDON HOSPITAL MEDICAL COLLEGE and DENTAL SCHOOL.

**T**HE WINTER SESSION will open on OCTOBER 1st. For prospectus and full information apply to the Dean (Professor William Wright, M.B., D.Sc., F.R.C.S.), who will be glad to make arrangements for anyone wishing to see the Medical College or Dental School.

Mile End, E.1.

## Authors' Agents, etc.

**T**HE AUTHORS' ALLIANCE are prepared to consider and place MSS. for early publication. Literary work of all kinds dealt with by experts who place Authors' interests first. Twenty years' experience. Please note new address: 93 and 94 CHANCERY LANE, LONDON, W.C.2

**T**O AUTHORS.—DIGBY LONG & CO. (Publishers of "The Author's Manual," 5s. net, Ninth Edition), are prepared to consider MSS. in all Departments of Literature with a view to publication in Volume Form.—Address: 16, Bouvierie Street, Fleet Street, London, E.C.

## Insurance

**A**DVICE WORTH HAVING on Assurance and Annuities can only be obtained from one unfettered by financial relations with any Insurance Company. It repays its cost time and again. Read "Assurance and Annuities," post free, from:—"Investigator," 35, Eldon Chambers, Fleet Street, E.C.4.

# LONDON AND MANCHESTER ASSURANCE COMPANY, LIMITED.

ESTABLISHED 1869.

Allied with National Amalgamated Approved  
Society for National (Health) Insurance.

*Chief Office:* 50, FINSBURY SQUARE, LONDON, E.C.2.

**Yearly Premium Income over - - - £1,000,000  
Funds - - - - Exceed £2,000,000**

ATTRACTIVE ORDINARY AND INDUSTRIAL  
TABLES. LIFE & ENDOWMENT ASSURANCES  
AND ANNUITY BUSINESS TRANSACTED.

**Claims Paid Exceed - - - £5,000,000**

## Art Exhibitions

"FRENCH ART, 1914-1919."—An Exhibition of Modern French PAINTINGS and SCULPTURE. Open 10—6 (including Sats.). Admission, 1s. 3d.  
HEAL & SONS,  
MANSARD GALLERY, 196, Tottenham Court Road, W.1.

## Miscellaneous

PRIVATE SOCIAL TOURS (RESUMED).  
SEPT. 9th.—North Italy and Hill Towns.  
Oct. 14th.—Florence, Venice, Rome, Naples, etc.  
November.—Algeria, Tunisia. Passports and Visas arranged.—  
MISS BISHOP, F.R.G.S., 159, Auckland Road, S.E. 19.

## Typewriting

TYPEWRITING OF EVERY DESCRIPTION carefully and promptly executed at home, 1s. per 1,000 words; carbon copy, 3d. per 1,000 words. Cambridge Local.—MISS NANCY McFARLANE, 11, Palmeira Avenue, Westcliff, Essex.

TYPEWRITING.—Authors' MSS., Examination Papers, Letters, etc.  
J. TRIMMELL, 8, Moira Terrace, Cardiff.

TYPEWRITING OF EVERY DESCRIPTION accurately and promptly executed by well educated Staff.—QUEEN VICTORIA TYPING OFFICE, 52, Queen Victoria Street, E.C.4.

## Appointment Vacant

WANTED.—PUBLISHERS' ASSISTANT, with knowledge of production and advertising.—Write, giving full particulars of age, experience and salary asked, to Box 349, care of ATHENÆUM.

## Important.

The Publisher will be glad to hear from readers of "The Athenæum" who experience any difficulty in obtaining copies. All communications sent to 10 Adelphi Terrace, W.C.2, will receive immediate attention.

### Subscription Rates:

Inland, Foreign,

£1 8s. 2d. per annum £1 10s. per annum

post free. post free.

Shorter periods in proportion.

Subscriptions should be sent to *The Publisher*,

"The Athenæum," 10, Adelphi Terrace, W.C.2.

NUMBER TWO OF  
THE MONTHLY  
**CHAPBOOK**  
ENTITLED  
**DECORATION  
IN THE THEATRE**  
BY ALBERT RUTHERSTON  
ILLUSTRATED  
NOW READY  
Price ONE SHILLING Net.  
(Postage 1d. extra.)

No. 1. Twenty-three New Poems by  
Contemporary Poets  
Third Thousand

THE POETRY BOOKSHOP,  
35 Devonshire St., Theobalds Rd., W.C.2

## THE WORK OF BRITAIN'S NEW AMBASSADOR TO THE U.S.A.

At the Foreign Office, 1906-1915.

UNDER the title of "THE FOREIGN POLICY OF SIR EDWARD GREY," a well written pamphlet has been published consisting of 128 pages by Gilbert Murray—Price 6d., Postage 2½d. It sets out to give an unbiased survey of the British diplomatic handling of the events by Lord Grey which preceded the declaration of war; the pamphlet is divided into two parts: the first being described as the "Twelve Days," which has reference to the period of twelve days immediately before the declaration of war; the second part being entitled "The Eight Years," which deals with numerous events which have influenced and dictated British Foreign Policy from 1906 to 1915.

THE FOREIGN POLICY OF SIR EDWARD GREY

128 pp. 8vo. Price 6d., Postage 2½d.

ATHENÆUM LITERATURE DEPT.  
10, Adelphi Terrace, London, W.C.2

## RIDER'S NEW LIST.

### Psychic Science

(*La Psychologie Inconnue*).

An Introduction and Contribution to the Experimental Study of Psychical Phenomena. By EMILE BOIRAC, Rector of Dijon Academy. Translated by DUDLEY WRIGHT. Demy 8vo., cloth gilt, 380 pp., 10/6 net.

"A careful translation of a notable book."—*Morning Post*.

"The work is one of peculiar value as an introduction to the inquiry into the constitution of the unknown form of matter which must, within the next few years, receive the official recognition of science."—*Westminster Gazette*.

### Self-Training

By H. ERNEST HUNT. Author of "A Manual of Hypnotism," "Nerve Control," etc. Cr. 8vo., cloth, 4/6 net.

"A very thoughtful book."—*Medical Times*.

"Mr. Hunt's book tries valiantly to show people how to help themselves."—*The Tailor*.

### A Short Life of Abraham Lincoln

By RALPH SHIRLEY. Cr. 8vo., cloth, illustrated, 3/6 net.

"One of the best brief biographies we have ever met."—*Publishers' Circular*.

"It covers the ground with care and skill."—*Quarterly Review*.

New Volume of New Thought Library.

### Love's Way

By ORISON SWETT MARDEN. Author of "Every Man a King," etc. Cr. 8vo., crimson cloth, 4/6 net.

"Preaches that the solvent of all our difficulties—political, religious, and social—is to be found in the rigid application of the Golden Rule."—*Yorkshire Observer*.

### Voices from the Void

A Record of Six Years' Experience with the Ouija Board. By HESTER TRAVERS SMITH. With Introduction by Sir William F. Barrett, F.R.S. Crown 8vo., cloth, 3/6 net.

"The book is one of those which really help the study of this difficult subject."—*The Times*.

"The book is pleasantly written, and certainly many of the experiences recorded are very unusual."—*The Athenæum*.

*Write for Rider's Catalogue of Psychic, Occult and New Thought Literature.*

W. RIDER & SON, Ltd.,

8-II PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON, E.C.4.

One Volume. Crown 8vo. 4s. net.

### FROM DARWINISM TO KAISERISM.

Being a review of the origin, effects and collapse of Germany's attempt at World Dominion by methods of barbarism.

By ROBERT MUNRO, M.D., LL.D., F.R.S.E.

"Mr. Munro's treatment of the whole subject is admirable."—*Yorkshire Post*.

"An arresting volume, which many will heartily welcome."—*Nature*.

"It is a positive delight, an intellectual holiday, to settle down to Dr. Munro's full, organised, and carefully reasoned study of the evolution of Kaiserism from the doctrine propounded by Darwin."—*Dundee Advertiser*.

"The theory is so piquantly opposite, and Dr. Munro so vigorous in its development, the work should command more than the attention of speculists."—*Glasgow Evening News*.

"Dr. Munro has succeeded in presenting the various facts in an interesting manner, and we trust that this brochure will be widely read."—*Medical Times*.

"A book of great value, we commend it strongly."—*Glasgow Evening Times*.

Glasgow: JAMES MACLEHOSE & SONS.

London and New York: MACMILLAN & CO. LTD.

FIRST TWELVE VOLUMES OF THE

### YACHTING MONTHLY

are offered for Sale. Each Volume consists of six monthly numbers, and the first three Volumes are bound. The remainder are complete and in good condition, and are valuable.

PRICE for the 12 Volumes £10.

A. BRAMHALL, 217, Rosedale Rd., S.E.21.

# THE ATHENÆUM

A JOURNAL OF  
SCIENCE AND

LITERATURE,  
THE ARTS

## PRIVACY

**T**HE secret of English mastery is self-mastery. The Englishman establishes a sort of satisfaction and equilibrium in his inner man, and from that citadel of rightness he easily measures the value of everything that comes within his moral horizon. In what may lie beyond he takes but a feeble interest. Enterprising enough when in a roving mood, and fond of collecting outlandish objects and ideas, he seldom allows his wanderings and discoveries to unhinge his home loyalties or ruffle his self-possession; and he remains, after all his adventures, intellectually as indolent and secure as in the beginning. As to speculative truth, he instinctively halts short of it, as it looms in the distance and threatens to cast a contemptuous and chilling shadow across his life. He would be very severe to a boy who dreaded cold water and wouldn't learn to swim; yet in the moral world he is himself subject to illusions of timidity. He does not believe, there, in the overwhelming rewards of courage. His chosen life is indeed beautiful—as the shy boy's might be—in its finitude; all the more beautiful and worth preserving because, like his country, it is an island in the sea. His domestic thermometer and barometer have sufficed to guide him to the right hygiene.

Hygiene does not require telescopes or microscopes. It is not concerned, like medicine or psychology, with the profound hidden workings of our bodies or minds, complexities hardly less foreign to our discoursing selves than are the mysteries of the great outer world. Hygiene regards only the right regimen of man in his obvious environment, judged by his conscious well-being. If it goes afield at all, it does so in the interests of privacy. All it asks of life is that it should be comely, spontaneous, and unimpeded: all it asks of the earth is that it should be fit for sport and for habitation. Men, to be of the right hygienic sort, must love the earth, and must know how to range in it. This the Englishman knows; and just as, in spite of his insularity, he loves this whole terraqueous



## CONTENTS

PRIVACY, by G. Santayana	773
THE ROYAL ACADEMY, by Virginia Woolf	774
POETRY :	
Secret Flowers, by Elizabeth Stanley	776
The Screen, by Dorothea Sumner	776
Meleager : To Myiscus, translated by P. H. C. Allen	776
REVIEWS :	
Thoughts on Tchekov	777
The Colossus of Cricket	778
Henry Fielding	779
The Origins of Episcopacy	780
"The Goodly Fellowship of the Prophets"	781
Barbarism and Banking	781
Sans Merci	782
Poetry and Science	783
SHORTER NOTICES : The Monthly Chapbook—	
Friend, I do thee no Wrong	784
NOTES FROM IRELAND	784
SCIENCE :	
Plastic Surgery	785
Some Implications of Science	786
FINE ARTS :	
A First Visit to the Louvre, by André Lhote	787
Notes on Art Sales	788
The Cenotaph	788
Fine Art in the Stores	788
MUSIC :	
"Tanhnhäuser" in Poplar, by Edward J. Dent	789
DRAMA :	
Green Pastures and Piccadilly	790
The Rotters	790
CORRESPONDENCE :	
Our Inaccessible Heritage—Death-Masks—	
Slang in War-Time—On Reading—Spiritualism	
Frith's "Derby Day"—A Barbless Arrow—	
Sonnets	791, 792
FOREIGN LITERATURE :	
Alexandre Dumas Père, by Oscar Browning	793
Hebbel	793
The Prose Lancelot	795
La Sagra di Santa Gorizia	796
A Domesticated Poet	796
LIST OF NEW BOOKS	797-800

globe simply and genuinely, so the earth, turned into mud by the vain stampings of so many garrulous and sickly nations, would doubtless say: Let the Englishman inhabit me, and I shall be green again.

In matters of hygiene the Englishman's maxims are definite and his practice refined. He has discovered what he calls good form and is obstinately conservative about it, not from inertia, but in the interests of pure vitality. Experience has taught him the uses to which vitality can be put, so as to preserve and refresh it. He knows the right degree of exertion normally required to do things well—to walk or to talk, for instance; he does not saunter or scramble, he does not gesticulate or scream. In consequence, perhaps, on extraordinary occasions, he fails at first to exert himself enough; and his eloquence is not torrential or inspired, at those rare moments when it ought to be so. But when nothing presses, he shows abundant energy, without flurry or excess. In manners and morals, too, he has found the right measure of freedom and of control, and the wholesome sort of comfort. What those who dislike him call his hypocrisy is but timeliness in his instincts, and a certain modesty on their part in not intruding upon one another. Your prayers are not necessarily insincere because you

pray only in church; you are not concealing a passion if for a time you forget it and slough it off. These alternations are phases of the inner man, not masks put on in turn by some insidious and calculating schemer. All the Englishman's attitudes and habits—his out-of-door life, his clubs, his conventicles, his business—when they are spontaneous and truly British, are for the sake of his inner man in its privacy. Other people, unless the game calls for them, are in the way, and uninteresting. His spirit is like Wordsworth's skylark, true to the kindred points of heaven and home; and perhaps these points seem to him kindred only because they are both functions of himself. Home is the centre of his physical and moral comfort, his headquarters in the war of life, where lie his spiritual stores. Heaven is a realm of

friendly inspiring breezes and setting suns, enveloping his rambles and his perplexities. The world to him is a theatre for the soliloquy of action. There is a comfortable luxuriousness in all his attitudes. He thinks the prize of life worth winning, but not worth snatching. If you snatch it, as Germans, Jews, and Americans seem inclined to do, you abdicate the sovereignty of your inner man, you miss delight, dignity, and peace; and in that case the prize of life has escaped you.

As the Englishman disdains to peer and is slow to speculate, so he resents any meddling or intrusion into his own preserves. How sedulously he plants out his garden, however tiny, from his neighbours and from the public road! If his windows look unmistakably on the street, at least he fills his window-boxes with the semblance of a hedge or a garden, and scarcely allows the dubious light to filter through his blinds and lace curtains; and the space between them, in the most dingy tenement, is blocked by an artificial plant. He is quite willing not to be able to look out, if only he can prevent other people from looking in. If they did, what would they see? Nothing shocking, surely; his attitude by his fireside is perfectly seemly. He is not throwing anything at the family; very likely they are not at home. Nor has he introduced any low-class person by the tradesman's entrance, in whose company he might blush to be spied. He is not in dishabille; if he has changed any part of his street clothes it has not been from any inclination to be slovenly in private, but on the contrary to vindicate his self-respect and domestic decorum. He does not dress to be seen of men, but of God. His elegance is an expression of comfort, and his comfort a consciousness of elegance. The eyes of men disquiet him, eminently presentable though he be, and he thinks it rude of them to stare, even in simple admiration. It takes tact and patience in strangers—perhaps at first an ostentatious indifference—to reassure him and persuade him that he would be safe in liking them. His frigid exterior is often a cuticle to protect his natural tenderness, which he forces himself not to express, lest it should seem misplaced or clumsy. There is a masculine sort of tenderness which is not fondness, but craving and premonition of things untried; and the young Englishman is full of it. His heart is quiet and full; he has not pumped it dry, like ill-bred children, in tantrums and effusive fancies. On the other hand, passions are atrophied if their expression is long suppressed, and we soon have nothing to say if we never say anything. As he grows old the Englishman may come to suspect, not without reason, that he might not reward too close a perusal. His social bristles will then protect his intellectual weakness, and he will puff himself out to disguise his vacuity.

It is intelligible that a man of deep but inarticulate character should feel more at ease in the fields and woods, at sea or in remote enterprises, than in the press of men. In the world he is obliged to maintain stiffly principles which he would prefer should be taken for granted. Therefore when he sits in silence behind his window curtains, with his newspaper, his wife, or his dog, his monumental passivity is not a real indolence. He is busily reinforcing his character,

ruffled by the day's contact with hostile or indifferent things, and he is gathering new strength for the fray. After the concessions imposed upon him by necessity or courtesy, he is recovering his natural tone. Tomorrow he will issue forth fresh and confident, and exactly the same as he was yesterday. His character is like his climate, gentle and passing readily from dull to glorious, and back again; variable on the surface, yet perpetually self-restored and invincibly the same.

G. SANTAYANA.

## THE ROYAL ACADEMY

"THE motor-cars of Empire—the bodyguard of Europe—the stainless knight of Belgium"—such is our English romance that nine out of ten of those passing from the indiscriminate variety of Piccadilly to the courtyard of Burlington House do homage to the embattled tyres and the kingly presence of Albert on his high-minded charger with some nonsense of this sort. They are, of course, only the motor-cars of the rich grouped round a statue; but whether the quadrangle in which they stand radiates back the significance of everything fourfold, so that King Albert and the motor-cars exude the essence of kingliness and the soul of vehicular traffic, or whether the crowd is the cause of it, or the ceremonious steps leading up, the swing-doors admitting and the flunkeys fawning, it is true that, (once you are within the precincts, everything appears symbolic, and the state of mind in which you ascend the broad stairs to the picture galleries is both heated and romantic.

Whatever visions we may have indulged, we find ourselves on entering confronted by a lady in full evening dress. She stands at the top of a staircase, one hand loosely closed round a sheaf of lilies, while the other is about to greet someone of distinction who advances towards her up the stairs. Not a hair is out of place. Her lips are just parted. She is about to say, "How nice of you to come!" But such is the skill of the artist that one does not willingly cross the range of her cordial and yet condescending eye. One prefers to look at her obliquely. She said, "How nice of you to come!" so often and so graciously while I stood there that at last my eye wandered off in search of people of sufficient distinction for her to say it to. There was no difficulty in finding them. Here was a nobleman in a kilt, the Duke of R—; here a young officer in khaki, and, to keep him company, the head and shoulders of a young girl, whose upturned eyes and pouting lips appear to be entreating the sky to be bluer, roses to be redder, ices to be sweeter, and men to be manlier for her sake. To do her justice, the gallant youth seemed to respond. As they stepped up the staircase to the lady in foaming white he vowed that come what might—the flag of England—sweet chimes of home—a woman's honour—an Englishman's word—only a scrap of paper—for your sake, Alice—God save the King—and all the rest of it. The range of her vocabulary was more limited. She kept her gaze upon the sky or the ice or whatever it might be with a simple sincerity which was enforced by a single row of pearls and a little drapery of white tulle about the shoulders.

"How nice of you to come!" said the hostess once more. But immediately behind them stumped the Duke, a bluff nobleman, "more at home on the brae-side than among these kickshaws and knick-knacks, my lady. Splendid sport. Twenty antlers and a Buck Royal. Clean between the eyes, eh what? Out all day. Never know when I'm done. Cold bath, hard bed, glass of whisky. A mere nothing. Damned foreigners. Post of duty. The Guard dies, but never surrenders. The ladies of our family—Up, Guards, and at them! Gentlemen—" and, as he utters the last words in a voice choked with emotion, the entire company swing round upon their heels, displaying only a hind view of their perfectly fitting mess-jackets, since there are some sights that it is not good for a man to look upon.

The scene, though not all the phrases, come from a story by Rudyard Kipling. But scenes from Rudyard Kipling must take place with astonishing frequency at these parties in order that the English maidens and gallant officers may have occasion to insist upon their chastity on the one hand and protect it on the other, without which, so far as one can see, there would be no reason for their existence. Therefore it was natural to look about me, a little shyly, for the sinister person of the seducer. There is, I can truthfully say, no such cur in the whole of the Royal Academy; and it was only when I had gone through the rooms twice and was about to inform the maiden that her apprehensions, though highly creditable, were in no way necessary that my eye was caught by the white underside of an excessively fine fish. "The Duke caught that!" I exclaimed, being still within the radius of the ducal glory. But I was wrong. Though fine enough, the fish, as a second glance put it beyond a doubt, was not ducal; its triangular shape, let alone the fact that a small urchin in corduroys held it suspended by the tail, was enough to start me in the right direction. Ah, yes—the harvest of the sea, toilers of the deep, a fisherman's home, nature's bounty—such phrases formed themselves with alarming rapidity—but to descend to details. The picture, no. 306, represents a young woman holding a baby on her knee. The child is playing with the rough model of a ship; the large fish is being dangled before his eyes by a brother a year or two older in a pair of corduroys which have been cut down from those worn by the fisherman engaged in cleaning cod on the edge of the waves. Judging from the superb rosiness, fatness, and blueness of every object depicted, even the sea itself wearing the look of a prize animal tricked out for a fair, it seemed certain that the artist intended a compliment in a general way to the island race. But something in the woman's eye arrested me. A veil of white dimmed the straightforward lustre. It is thus that painters represent the tears that do not fall. But what, we asked, had this great hulk of a matron surrounded by fish, any one of which was worth eighteenpence the pound, to cry for? Look at the little boy's breeches. They are not, if you look closely, of the same pattern as the fisherman's. Once that fact is grasped, the story reels itself out like a line with a salmon on the end of it. Don't the waves break with a sound of mockery on

the beach? Don't her eyes cloud with memories at the sight of a toy boat? It is not always summer. The sea has another voice than this; and, since her husband will never want his breeches any more—but the story when written out is painful, and rather obvious into the bargain.

The point of a good Academy picture is that you can search the canvas for ten minutes or so and still be doubtful whether you have extracted the whole meaning. There is, for example, no. 248, "Cocaine." A young man in evening dress lies, drugged, with his head upon the pink satin of a woman's knee. The ornamental clock assures us that it is exactly eleven minutes to five. The burning lamp proves that it is dawn. He, then, has come home to find her waiting? She has interrupted his debauch? For my part, I prefer to imagine what in painters' language (a tongue well worth separate study) would be called "a dreary vigil." There she has sat since eight-thirty, alone, in pink satin. Once she rose and pressed the photograph in the silver frame to her lips. She might have married that man (unless it is her father, of which one cannot be sure). She was a thoughtless girl, and he left her to meet his death on the field of battle. Through her tears she gazes at the next photograph—presumably that of a baby (again the painter has been content with a suggestion). As she looks a hand fumbles at the door. "Thank God!" she cries as her husband staggers in and falls helpless across her knees, "thank God our Teddy died!" So there she sits, staring disillusionment in the eyes, and whether she gives way to temptation, or breathes a vow to the photographs, or gets him to bed before the maid comes down, or sits there for ever, must be left to the imagination of the onlooker.

But the queer thing is that one wants to be her. For a moment one pretends that one sits alone, disillusioned, in pink satin. And then people in the little group of gazers begin to boast that they have known sadder cases themselves. Friends of theirs took cocaine. "I myself as a boy for a joke—" "No, George—but how fearfully rash!" Everyone wished to cap that story with a better, save for one lady who, from her expression, was acting the part of consoler, had got the poor thing to bed, undressed her, soothed her, and even spoken with considerable sharpness to that unworthy brute, unfit to be a husband, before she moved on in a pleasant glow of self-satisfaction. Every picture before which one of these little groups had gathered seemed to radiate the strange power to make the beholder more heroic and more romantic; memories of childhood, visions of possibilities, illusions of all kinds poured down upon us from the walls. In a cooler mood one might accuse the painters of some exaggeration. There must be well over ten thousand delphiniums in the Royal Academy, and not one is other than a perfect specimen. The condition of the turf is beyond praise. The sun is exquisitely adapted to the needs of the sundials. The yew hedges are irreproachable; the manor house a miracle of timeworn dignity; and as for the old man with a scythe, the girl at the well, the village donkey, the widow lady, the gipsies' caravan, the boy with a rod, each is not only the saddest, sweetest, quaintest,

most picturesque, tenderest, jolliest of its kind, but has a symbolical meaning much to the credit of England. The geese are English geese, and even the polar bears, though they have not that advantage, seem, such is the persuasion of the atmosphere, to be turning to carriage rugs as we look at them.

It is indeed a very powerful atmosphere; so charged with manliness and womanliness, pathos and purity, sunsets and Union Jacks, that the shabbiest and most suburban catch a reflection of the rosy glow. "This is England! these are the English!" one might exclaim if a foreigner were at hand. But one need not say that to one's compatriots. They are, perhaps, not quite up to the level of the pictures. Some are meagre; others obese; many have put on what is too obviously the only complete outfit that they possess. But the legend on the catalogue explains any such discrepancy in a convincing manner. "To give unto them beauty for ashes. Isaiah lxi. 3"—that is the office of this exhibition. Our ashes will be transformed if only we expose them openly enough to the benignant influence of the canvas. So we look again at the Lord Chancellor and Mr. Balfour, at the Lady B., at the Duke of R., at Mr. Ennever of the Pelman Institute, at officers of all descriptions, architects, surgeons, peers, dentists, doctors, lawyers, archbishops, roses, sundials, battle-fields, fish and Skye terriers. From wall to wall, glowing with colour, glistening with oil, framed in gilt, and protected by glass, they ogle and elevate, inspire and command. But they overdo it. One is not altogether such a bundle of ashes as they suppose, or sometimes the magic fails to work. A large picture by Mr. Sargent called "Gassed" at last pricked some nerve of protest, or perhaps of humanity. In order to emphasize his point that the soldiers wearing bandages round their eyes cannot see, and therefore claim our compassion, he makes one of them raise his leg to the level of his elbow in order to mount a step an inch or two above the ground. This little piece of over-emphasis was the final scratch of the surgeon's knife which is said to hurt more than the whole operation. After all, one had been jabbed and stabbed, slashed and sliced for close on two hours. The lady began it, the Duke continued it; little children had wrung tears; great men extorted veneration. From first to last each canvas had rubbed in some emotion, and what the paint failed to say the catalogue had enforced in words. But Mr. Sargent was the last straw. Suddenly the great rooms rang like a parrot-house with the intolerable vociferations of gaudy and brainless birds. How they shrieked and gibbered! How they danced and sidled! Honour, patriotism, chastity, wealth, success, importance, position, patronage, power—their cries rang and echoed from all quarters. "Anywhere, anywhere, out of this world!" was the only exclamation with which one could stave off the brazen din as one fled downstairs, out of doors, round the motor-cars, beneath the disdain of the horse and its rider, and so out into the comparative sobriety of Piccadilly. No doubt the reaction was excessive; and I must leave it to Mr. Roger Fry to decide whether the emotions here recorded are the proper result of one thousand six hundred and seventy-four works of art.

VIRGINIA WOOLF.

## SECRET FLOWERS

Is love a light for me? A steady light,  
A lamp within whose pallid pool I dream  
Over old love-books? Or is it a gleam,  
A lantern coming towards me from afar  
Down a dark mountain? Is my love a star?  
Ah me! so high above—so coldly bright!

The fire dances. Is my love a fire  
Leaping down the twilight ruddy and bold?  
Nay, I'd be frightened of him. I'm too cold  
For quick and eager loving. There's a gold  
Sheen on these flower petals as they fold  
More truly mine, more like to my desire.

The flower petals fold. They are by the sun  
Forgotten. In a shadowy wood they grow  
Where the dark trees keep up a to-and-fro  
Shadowy waving. Who will watch them shine  
When I have dreamed my dream? Ah, darling mine!  
Find them, gather them for me one by one.

ELIZABETH STANLEY.

## THE SCREEN

On the embroidered screen beside me  
Formal figures long have eyed me:  
The customary shepherd fluting,  
Four stout little boys disputing,  
And a lady clad in green,  
Seemingly a crowned queen,  
Holds her skirt up high, demurely,  
That she might dance more surely.

Strange trees twist there,  
And flying through grey air  
A long bird of red and blue  
Whom a falcon doth pursue.

If I stepped into that place  
None might follow, none might trace;  
They would seek through every city,  
Deal me blame or praise or pity.  
Wonder somewhat—then forget me—  
But oblivion would not fret me.  
There, where the roots twist,  
Crouching on the moss I'd list  
To the sweet notes, piercing sad,  
Of the gentle shepherd lad;  
And the little boys would creep  
To my side and fall asleep;  
And the lady would bend low,  
Take my hands and kiss me, so  
I would rise and tread the measure  
That she now in lonely leisure  
Dances there upon the screen—  
A crowned lady clad in green.

Only that bird would call:  
"Look behind you not at all,  
Or you will be the prey  
Of your old life far away."

DOROTHEA SUMNER.

## MELEAGER

### TO MYISCUS.

Firmly to thee my life is moored; 'tis thou  
Guardest what breath my soul has yet unspent.  
Yea, by thine eyes, sweet boy, and thy fair brow,  
Thine eyes that to the deafest speak in phrases eloquent,  
When thou dost frown on me, then winter hours  
Are mine, but smiling looks bring back the spring with  
all its flowers.

P. H. C. ALLEN.

## REVIEWS

## THOUGHTS ON TCHEHOV

THE BISHOP; AND OTHER STORIES. By Anton Tchehov. Translated by Constance Garnett. (Chatto & Windus. 3s. net.)

**W**E do not know if the stories collected in this volume stand together in the Russian edition of Tchehov's works, or if the selection is due to Mrs. Constance Garnett. It is also possible that the juxtaposition is fortuitous. But the stories are united by a similarity of material. Whereas in the former volumes of this admirable series Tchehov is shown as preoccupied chiefly with the life of the *intelligentsia*, here he finds his subjects in priests and peasants, or (in the story "Uprooted") in the half-educated.

The distinction proves, indeed, to be superficial, and precisely because it is superficial, it is interesting. The same ultimate impression disengages itself from the life of the country and the town as Tchehov presents them. The attitude that he offers us is complete, not partial; it radiates from a steady centre, and is not capriciously reflected from without upon the artist's mind. In other words, Tchehov is no impressionist. He is no mere sensorium recording stimuli. Consciously or unconsciously, he has taken the great step—the *salto mortale*—by taking which the literary artist of the first rank is distinguished from the minor writers. He has slowly shifted his angle of vision until he could discern a unity in multiplicity. Unity of this rare kind cannot be imposed as, for instance, Zola attempted to impose it. It is an emanation from life revealed only to sensitive contemplation.

The problem is to define this unity in the case of each great writer in whom it appears. To apprehend it is not so difficult. The mere sense of unity is so singular and compelling that it leaves room for few hesitations. The majority of writers, however excellent in their peculiar virtues, are not concerned with it: at one moment they represent, at another they may philosophize, but the two activities have no organic connection, and their work, if it displays any evolution at all, displays it only in the minor accidents of the craft, such as style in the narrower and technical sense, or the obvious economy of construction. There is no danger of mistaking these for great writers. Nor, in the more peculiar case of writers who attempt to impose the illusion of unity, is the danger serious. The apparatus is always visible; they cannot afford to do without the paraphernalia of argument to supply the place of what is lacking in their presentation. The obvious instance of this transparent legerdemain is Zola; a less obvious, and therefore more interesting, example is Balzac.

To attempt the more difficult problem. What is most peculiar to Tchehov's unity is that it is far more nakedly æsthetic than that of most of the great writers before him. Other writers of a rank equal to his—and there are not so very many—have felt the need to shift their angle of vision until they could perceive an all-embracing unity; but they were not satisfied. They felt, and obeyed, the further need of taking a moral attitude towards the unity they saw. They approved or disapproved, accepted or rejected it. More accurately perhaps we should say they gave or refused their endorsement. They appealed to some other element than their own sense of beauty for the final verdict on their discovery; they asked whether it was just or good.

The distinguishing mark of Tchehov is that he is satisfied with the unity he discovers. Its uniqueness is sufficient for him. It does not occur to him to demand that it should be otherwise or better. The act of comprehension is accompanied by an instantaneous act of acceptance.

He is like a man who contemplates a perfect work of art; but the work of creation has been his, and has consisted in his gradual adjustment of his vision until he could see the frustration of human destinies and the arbitrary infliction of pain as processes no less inevitable, natural and beautiful than the flowering of a plant. Not that Tchehov is a greater artist than any of his great predecessors; he is merely more wholly an artist, which is a very different thing. There is in him less admixture of preoccupations that are not purely æsthetic, and probably for this reason he has less creative vigour than any other artist of equal rank. It seems as though artists, like beasts and fruit trees, need a good deal of crossing with substantial foreign elements in order to be very vigorous and very fruitful. Tchehov has the virtues and the shortcomings of the pure case.

We do not wish to be understood as saying that Tchehov is a manifestation of *l'art pour l'art*, because, in any commonly accepted sense of that phrase, he is not. Still, he might be considered as an exemplification of what the phrase might be made to mean. But instead of being diverted into a barren dispute over terminologies, we may endeavour to bring into prominence an aspect of Tchehov which has an immediate interest—his modernity. Again, the word is awkward. It suggests that he is fashionable, or up-to-date. Tchehov is, in fact, a good many phases in advance of all that is habitually described as modern in the art of literature. The artistic problem which he faced and solved is one that is, at most, partially present to the consciousness of the modern writer—to reconcile the greatest possible diversity of content with the greatest possible unity of æsthetic impression. Diversity of content we are beginning to find in profusion—Miss May Sinclair's latest experiment shows how this need is beginning to trouble a writer with a settled manner and a fixed reputation—but how rarely do we see even a glimmering recognition of the necessity of a unified æsthetic impression! The modern method is to assume that all that is, or has been, present to consciousness is *ipso facto* unified æsthetically. The result of such an assumption is an obvious disintegration both of language and artistic effort, a mere retrogression on the classical method.

The classical method consisted, essentially, in achieving æsthetic unity by a process of rigorous exclusion of all that was not germane to an arbitrary (because non-æsthetic) argument. This was let down like a string into the saturated solution of the consciousness until a unified crystalline structure congregated about it. Of all great artists of the past Shakespeare is the richest in his departures from this method. How much deliberate artistic purpose there was in his employment of songs and madmen and fools (an employment fundamentally different from that made by his contemporaries) is a subject far too big for a parenthesis. But he, too, is at bottom a classic artist. The modern problem—it has not yet been sufficiently solved for us to speak of a modern method—arises from the sense that the classical method produces over-simplification. It does not permit of a sufficient sense of multiplicity. One can think of a dozen semi-treatments of the problem from Balzac to Dostoevsky, but they were all on the old lines. They might be called Shakespearean modifications of the classical method.

Tchehov, we believe, attempted a treatment radically new. To make use again of our former image, he chose in his maturer writing a different string to let down into the saturated solution of consciousness. In a sense he began at the other end. He had decided on the quality of æsthetic impression he wished to produce, not by an arbitrary decision, but by one which came as the result of the contemplative unity of life which he had achieved. His argument was, as it were, the essential quality he discerned and desired to represent. Everything that

heightened and completed this quality accumulated about it, quite independently of whether it would have been repelled by the old criterion of plot and argument. There is a magnificent example of his method in the longest story in this volume, "The Steppe." The quality is dominant throughout, and by some strange compulsion it makes heterogeneous things one; it is reinforced by the incident. Tiny events—the peasant who eats minnows alive, the Jewish innkeeper's brother who burned his six thousand roubles—take on a character of portent, except that the word is too harsh for so delicate a distortion of normal vision; rather it is a sense of incalculability that haunts us. The emphases have all been slightly shifted, but shifted according to a valid scheme. It is not while we are reading, but afterwards that we wonder how so much significance could attach to a little boy's questions in a remote village shop:

"How much are these cakes?"

"Two for a farthing."

Yegorushka took out of his pocket the cake given him the day before by the Jewess and asked him:

"And how much do you charge for cakes like this?"

The shopman took the cake in his hands, looked at it from all sides, and raised one eyebrow.

"Like that?" he asked.

Then he raised the other eyebrow, thought a minute, and answered:

"Two for three farthings . . ."

It is foolish to quote it. It is like taking a golden pebble from the bed of a stream. The stream that flows over Tchekhov's innumerable pebbles, infinitely diverse and heterogeneous, is the stream of a deliberately sublimated quality. The figure is inexact, as figures are. Not every pebble could be thus transmuted. But how they are chosen, what is the real nature of the relation which unites them, as we feel it does, is a secret which modern English writers need to explore. Till they have explored and mastered it Tchekhov will remain a master in advance

J. M. M.

## THE COLOSSUS OF CRICKET

THE MEMORIAL BIOGRAPHY OF DR. W. G. GRACE. Edited by Lord Hawke, Lord Harris and Sir Home Gordon, Bart. (Constable. 21s. net.)

**J**EBB, the late Professor of Greek at Cambridge, when at the height of his repute, once remarked, "I am much less known both inside and outside this University than Sammy Woods." The name and fame of a great cricketer are celebrated all over England; if the newspapers are a point wrong in computing his average of runs or wickets, a host of indignant readers howl at them. But a fast bowler is only in his prime for five years or so; and a batsman may last fifteen at most. What made "W. G." the Colossus of cricket was his very long innings at the wickets:

How oft we heard the ring's applauding roar,  
While the huge hero made as huge a score!

For forty years he was at the head of English batsmen, and dangerous as a bowler. Add to this a dominant personality and a figure of Homeric size and humour, and it is easy to see why Grace became the idol of the nation. For many years he sported the only beard in cricket, which was more widely known than the collars of W. E. G. Both lived to be grand old men at their games, but, while Gladstone had sometimes to persuade himself that he was right by a tortuous process of reasoning, Grace was sure of it at once. The Memorial Biography shows up his greatness with a multitude of witnesses, but little attempt has been made to render lights and shades. Affectionate and immensely keen, considerate to young players, he was somewhat crude in humour, like the Homeric Gods, and somewhat of a trial to umpires who

had to give him out. He was just a big boy, with the zest, the eye, the indefatigability, and the unconscious selfishness of youth. Practical jokes pleased him, and he could reduce the conceit of cricketers. He put in last one who boasted that he had never made a duck. He did not gloss over his own failures. Betting that he would make 100 against Marlborough, he was bowled when he had made three. Another player, almost immediately dismissed, remarked: "Beastly bad light. I could have played that ball easily if I could have seen it." "It was just the opposite with me," said W. G.; "I could see it perfectly, but I couldn't play it."

His bowling was never equal to his batting, being what is called "tosh," designed chiefly to trap the unwary into hitting catches. He liked to bowl as long as possible, and he did not adapt his field for particular bowlers as some clever captains had begun to do in his time.

But, indeed, he was a "good bat" in Bowen's definition, for he went in in the morning, and did not come out till the evening. As Tom Emmett remarked, "Dang it all, it's Grace before meat, Grace afterwards and Grace all day, and I expect we shall have more Grace to-morrow." His scores are the more amazing because made on wickets which would be impossible to-day in first-class matches. He stopped and even hit shooters which the present generation has never seen at Lord's. He had not the wonderful wrist and leg-work of Prince Ranjitsinhji and Trumper; but his batting as a whole far surpasses theirs. His best innings—so he himself thought—was 66 against bumping balls which bruised him all over. His centuries, of course, were endless, but too much is made of such "records." It is no kindness to cricket to help an individual player to make 1,000 runs or take 100 wickets within a particular period. The side and victory should be thought of, not gate-money or averages. Grace never played a slow game, never left balls alone that he could hit; and in this way modern players have something to learn from him. Spofforth alone of bowlers seems to have perturbed him. "This may have been due in part to my artfulness," the Demon Bowler remarks in that naive spirit of complacency which belongs to retired cricketers and the pious Aeneas.

W. G. was, as Canon Edward Lyttelton tells us in his reminiscences, a natural genius. He had not to think out strokes; he made them. "No one had a more unanalytic brain." And no one suffered less from nerves, or was greater at a crisis. While the volume is full and rapturous about W. G.'s many achievements, it is silent on some points of importance—the question of finance, for instance. For Gloucestershire, which he carried on his back, or bat, for many years, he secured, we presume, the two Australians Midwinter and Ferns; but we are not told so. Nor are we allowed to know why he left his favourite county. Jokes and stories, some of a trivial sort, abound, as do the clichés of sporting journalism. Of the revelations concerning his play, the oddest, perhaps, is that he and his brothers were tutored in cricket by a fine old mother. There seems almost a reluctance among his eulogists to admit that he was wrong in anything. The discerning reader, however, who sums up for himself, will perceive a strong man with very human frailties.

V. R.

THE FORTY-SECOND ANNUAL MEETING of the Library Association will be held at Southport, from Tuesday, September 16, to Friday, September 19. Important questions concerning the future position and administration of libraries will be discussed, and in particular questions arising out of the recent interim report of a committee of the Ministry of Reconstruction on Libraries and Museums (see ATHENÆUM, July 4, p. 558).

## HENRY FIELDING

THE HISTORY OF HENRY FIELDING. By Wilbur L. Cross. 3 vols. (New Haven, Yale University Press; London, Milford. 63s. net.)

**I**T would indeed be an agreeable thing, were it possible, to take a leaf out of the book of the author of "A Journey from this World to the Next," and go in search of Henry Fielding, and to find him perhaps still playing with the little daughter he had lost years before his own departure, and formally to make a presentation to him of these three magnificent and well-illustrated volumes, the product of the boundless enthusiasm and unsleeping labour of an American editor, and of the resources of an American University Press, aided by the Foundation established in memory of an American lover of English letters.

If ever there lived a Man it was Henry Fielding, and as he was also a Writing Man we shall be safe in assuming, without crediting him with more than a double dose of vanity, that to handle even in that "pensive place," the next world, this noble biography—so happily entitled, after his own manner, the "History of Henry Fielding"—could not but afford the author of "The History of Tom Jones" the most intense gratification.

And yet, though this, perhaps, is to be too fanciful, could we by a further stroke of the imagination, and after making our presentation, pursue Fielding to a quiet corner, quite out of the reach of Addison and Steele, and observe him as he sat down and began to read this intensive biography (containing, so Mr. Cross assures us, almost as many words as "Tom Jones"), we are ready to swear, before Fielding's successor in Bow Street, that we should see stealing across a countenance which, however etherealized, must still retain its original Hogarthian air, a smile, magically composed, in almost equal proportions, of surprise, amusement and of irony.

The last-mentioned quality belongs more naturally to this unintelligible world than to the next one, which may possibly admit of explanation; but as it would be impossible to picture an *unironical* Fielding, we must be allowed, if we are to suppose him smiling, to invest that expression with at least a tincture of his greatest gift. But, it may be asked, why should we suppose him to smile at all whilst engaged in reading his own Life?

Mr. Cross has flung himself so whole-heartedly into his work, and has done it so well, that it is an almost ungracious thing to begin finding fault with him from the very start; but as the only complaint we have to make lies on the threshold of the subject, we may as well get rid of it at once, particularly as it may help to explain the imaginary smile.

Mr. Cross has found it necessary to quarrel with the great Fielding Tradition, which he would like to root up altogether and cast into the oven.

It is always dangerous to quarrel outright with Tradition. Be content with making ample allowances for mere gossip, for absurd exaggeration, for improper development, for spite and for malice; but if, not content with this "toning-down," you go on to kick Tradition out of court altogether, and send her packing with a flea in her ear, what have you left, one hundred and sixty years afterwards, on which to build your characterization?

In the case of an author like Fielding you have his books, his plays, poems, novels. In the case of an orator you have (possibly) his speeches; of a divine, his sermons; of a philosopher, his treatises; of a painter, his pictures; of a table-talker, scraps of his conversation; of a letter-writer, his published correspondence; and perchance there may be portraits by a Hogarth, a Reynolds, or a Sargent. Aids to characterization may be obtained from these quarters, and by the light thus thrown, Tradition

may, more or less confidently, be modified, corrected, contradicted, but never wholly superseded.

In Fielding's case we read his three famous novels, his glorious miscellanies, his comedies (if we can), his burlesques, and his last book of all, the "Journey to Lisbon," where he died in 1754 in his forty-eighth year. In these books he tells us much about himself. How could he help doing so? As Bagehot says about Shakespeare, men do not keep tame steam-engines to write their books for them. They write them themselves; and there they remain on our shelves, in our hands, bearing their testimony.

If the Fielding Tradition, as it has come down to us, gives the lie to the testimony of his books, the conflict would be serious; but does it?

The reader of the books must answer this question for himself, and, if he is wise, will insist upon doing so, and to us, therefore, it seems a pity that Mr. Cross should have gone out of his way to take upon his shoulders, broad as they are, a burden not only too big to be gracefully carried, but which, of necessity, imparts to an otherwise great biography a controversial air as of a man perpetually supporting a thesis *contra mundum*.

When all is said, Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, sprightly dame though she was, and not always on her oath, knew her cousin as he existed in the flesh better than any of us can hope to do, and, being intensely interested in him, has managed to transmit down to us a good piece of his personality, both through herself and through her daughter, Lady Bute, and her granddaughter, Lady Louisa Stuart.

But no sooner have we lodged this complaint, the only one we have to make against Mr. Cross, than fairness compels us to lodge a *caveat* against our own complaint: for it may be asked of us, What do you mean by this Fielding Tradition? What is it? And where are we to look for it? Not, surely, in the muck-heaps of eighteenth-century journalism—much better left undisturbed and unknown—or in the blind, though intensely amusing jealousy of the author of *Clarissa Harlowe*, or in the rancour of Smollett, or even in the vapidities of Murphy? But if there is anybody still living who, in Henley's picturesque language, sees a "Fielding begrimed with snuff, heady with champagne, and smoking so ferociously that out of the wrappings of his tobacco he could keep himself in paper for the manuscripts of his plays," or even anyone who mistakes Thackeray's character-sketch in "The English Humourists" as a serious bit of portrait-painting, why then, for such a misguided person, the destructive criticism of Fielding's latest biographer may have its uses, though somewhat marring the symmetry of his picture.

Time mellows Tradition, and on the whole, and as things now stand, Fielding has no more reason than Richardson to quarrel with his tradition, and we feel sure he is content with it. Hence his smile.

For even in his own day, when Arthur Murphy, his first biographer, who had, as Mr. Cross is never tired of telling us, "none of the instincts of the biographer," comes at the close of his "Essay on the Life and Genius of Henry Fielding, Esquire," to sum up his author's career, what do we find him writing?

In short, our author was unhappy, but not vicious in his nature; in his understanding lively, yet solid; rich in invention, yet a lover of real science; an observer of mankind, yet a scholar of enlarged reading; a spirited enemy, yet an indefatigable friend; a satirist of vice and evil, yet a lover of mankind; an useful citizen, a polished and instructive wit, and a magistrate zealous for the order and welfare of the community he served.

Though this stilted passage may not reveal "the instincts of the biographer," it is none the less sound sense; and though it falls short of the justice of the case, it conveys in accents of sincerity a friendly judgment upon a great man; and even the rancorous Smollett, when he lays down the poisoned pen of the hack journalist,

and composes his "History," says finely: "The genius of Cervantes was transfused into the novels of Fielding, who painted the characters and ridiculed the follies of the age with equal strength, humour and propriety." This is good criticism, and from a rival novelist, generous praise.

To all lovers of the three novels, of the "Miscellanies," and of the "Life of Mr. Jonathan Wild the Great," that masterpiece of irony, particularly pungent in these days; of that great burlesque, the "Tragedy of Tragedies"; or, the Life and Death of Tom Thumb," and of that unique and moving volume, "Journal of a Voyage to Lisbon," we cordially recommend this "History" of the Father of the English Novel as a noble tribute to a great author.

A. B.

## THE ORIGINS OF EPISCOPACY

THE CHURCH AND THE MINISTRY. By Charles Gore, D.D. New edition revised by C. H. Turner. (Longmans. 18s. net.)

**T**HIRTY years have passed since Dr. Gore first published this study of the origins of episcopacy, but the state of the evidence in that field has not greatly altered. Mr. C. H. Turner, who has revised the book for republication, and thereby given the weight of his name to a treatise which has suffered rather from the suspicion of being too deliberate an attempt to prove a thesis, has only had to rewrite a few pages and add a few appendices to bring it up to date. Another thirty years of disputation over the bearings of the "Didache" has not yielded much information that was unknown in 1889. What was obscure then remains obscure still.

We are still faced, between the brightly illuminated age of the apostolic literature and the equally clear period of ecclesiastical development that starts about the middle of the second century, with the tract of baffling shadow which we call the sub-apostolic age. Into this shadow pass and vanish the Apostles, with their travelling delegates controlling the local Church-ministries; from it emerge the monarchical bishops, controlling the local Churches with no superiors. To find the link between Apostle and bishop is the problem of hierarchical origins.

It is in reality a twofold problem, an issue of principle and an issue of fact. We may ask: What is the authority of the episcopate? and we may also ask: By what steps did it come into being? The first of these questions is simpler, perhaps, than either Dr. Gore or those who differ from him would be ready to allow. If Clement of Rome is right when, at the end of the first century, he formulates the belief of succeeding ages in the words, "The Apostles were sent to us with the Gospel from the Lord Jesus Christ. Jesus the Christ was sent forth from God. Christ then is from God, and the Apostles from Christ," there is only one conclusion to be drawn. Just as the Apostles succeeded on earth to Christ, the episcopal hierarchy of the second century took over the succession of the Apostles. If its form was not determined by them in person, it was determined by those local ministers whom they appointed and left in charge of the Churches. If not created by testamentary provision, it was heir by default to their place and their traditions. It absorbed and soaked up into itself whatever vestiges of authority survived the death of the Twelve and their associates. It had no rival, for no other claimant stood forth. If there is on earth at all a ministry possessing continuity with, and unbroken sanction from, the apostolic college, it is the historic episcopate. This is mere matter of fact. It holds the inheritance, or the inheritance has been lost.

It is, therefore, unnecessary for defenders of the apostolic claim of the modern episcopate to disprove Lightfoot's

theory that the monarchical bishop was created by elevation from a twofold hierarchy that for a time, at least in certain regions, held the place of the Apostles. It is unimportant whether Jerome and Severus of Antioch were correct in stating that at Alexandria the bishop was for some time appointed by the presbyters from their own ranks without episcopal ordination, or whether Mr. Turner is right in tracing the whole story to an invention of Arian heretics. If in any place presbyters ever held the supreme government, the time came when they transmitted their functions to a single instead of a collegial successor. Presbyters ordained after the change were, by the intention of their ordainers, a different order from these proto-presbyters, and had therefore no ground for claiming their prerogatives. Failure to perceive this is the flaw in Dr. Briggs's great work on "Christian Unity."

Lightfoot's view was based on his belief that in the New Testament "bishop" and "presbyter" are synonymous titles. If this is correct, we must, in approaching our second question, account for the later appearance of the proper, monarchical bishop either by Lightfoot's own "elevation" theory, or by Dr. Gore's "localization" theory, which makes the first monarchical bishops identical in person with the travelling apostolic delegates like Timothy and Titus, who gradually fixed themselves in particular churches; or else we must, like Mr. Turner in an earlier work and Prof. Whitney more recently, speak simply of the fusion that took place between the itinerant and the local hierarchies, "the higher merging itself" (to quote Mr. Turner) "under the names of the lower, and the lower so far transformed by the higher that the principle of authority which was inherent in the latter became also characteristic of the former."

But is the original identity of bishop and presbyter established? There is more plausibility in the view of Rudolf Sohm. For him the hierarchy in a sense was always triple, and the bishops are from the first a distinct group within the presbytery. They are in each church the executive organs around whom the rest of the presbyters gather as a sacred council. Batiffol accepts this theory in a modified form. The language of the New Testament favours it; that of the "Didache" is consistent with it; that of the Epistle of Clement of Rome (with its otherwise obscure reference to *hegoumenoi*, distinct from the presbyters) is rendered positively luminous by it.

It also removes a mass of difficulties. If the third order was superimposed at any period upon an originally dual ministry, we have the mystery of a noiseless revolution, an unopposed transference of power. On Sohm's hypothesis "bishop" has always meant "bishop," and "presbyter," "presbyter." On the rival view we have a confusing change of nomenclature to account for. Lastly, Mr. Turner has shown in the "Cambridge Mediæval History" that the evolution of the presbyterate is in an upward, not a downward curve. The somewhat passive counsellors of the Cyprianic bishop become active powers with executive functions only in the fourth century, when the institution of the parochial system for the first time makes them preachers and eucharistic celebrants in their own churches. Had the presbyters started as supreme, is it likely they would so submissively have consented to climb the ladder from the bottom rung again? If the change between the first and second centuries was simply the appointment of a single bishop for each church in place of several, an obvious measure for preventing schisms, then the ease and silence of the transition are intelligible. We have been left so little in it to record. Sohm's theory covers perhaps nine-tenths of the documents. Does any rival theory cover more?

## "THE GOODLY FELLOWSHIP OF THE PROPHETS"

OLD TESTAMENT PROPHETS. By W. A. C. Allen. (Cambridge, Heffer. 6s. net.)

**I**N the Te Deum the Church gives honour to more than the Hebrew prophets, but it is the Hebrew prophets who are the glory of the fellowship in its earlier phases. No ancient religion threw up anything like the succession of inspired personalities from Moses onwards to Elijah, Amos, Isaiah, and the rest of the line. It is a unique phenomenon in the history of religion. And its significance is heightened by two facts. These prophets arose independently. There was no prophetic succession. Elijah might transmit some of his authority and vigour to Elisha; but Isaiah received no prophetic gift from his predecessors, and the so-called "schools of the prophets" never turned out any of the great figures in Hebrew prophecy. Furthermore, the function of these prophets was generally critical. Instead of flattering the nation, they denounced its social and religious aberrations. It was not that their rôle was negative or fault-finding, but that, in order to bring home to the nation a new and deeper vision of God, or to recall Israel from conventionalism and foreign fashions to the first principles of their faith, the prophets found themselves obliged often to oppose not only the popular temper, but the priests and the monarchs.

The historical appreciation of the Hebrew prophets is not a new thing on earth. But recently their psychological characteristics have been studied with fresh results, and the sub-title of Mr. Allen's book, "A Study in Personality," might suggest that he was interested in the phenomena of visions, dreams, and the general strata of mental traits which explain what a Hebrew prophet meant when he declared, "Thus saith the Lord." Really, Mr. Allen's book is wider and narrower than its title. Narrower because it omits the later prophets. For him there is no prophet after Ezekiel. The weird visions of Zechariah and the apocalyptic developments of a seer like Joel are beyond his survey. Wider because the book is a lively sketch of Hebrew religion, written to show that Israel had a vivid religious experience which left it with the idea

that the maker and ruler of all the universe is a God whose character is one of justice, loving mercy, and truth; furthermore, that He selected His chosen people for His own purposes, watching over them with jealous care, demanding from them a return in obedience to His requirements.

It was the glorious and painful duty of the prophets to press this idea upon the careless or preoccupied conscience of the nation, from time to time. As Mr. Allen recognizes, their general aim was often more valuable than their specific counsels. They were no use as social reformers, "for they had no practical remedies to suggest"—or, if they had, the remedies were impracticable.

One attractive feature of Mr. Allen's sketch is that, for all his sound admiration, he does not idealize the prophets as if they invariably possessed wisdom. The ordinary reader, who has delivered his soul from the theory of verbal inspiration, will find that this book gives him some distinctly fresh impressions of the Hebrew prophets in their historical significance. Those who have gone more deeply into the subject will challenge one or two of Mr. Allen's hypotheses. The plea for Deuteronomy's earlier date, the argument in favour of the historical reality of Abraham, and the account of the invasion of Canaan by the tribes, all involve assumptions which are disputable. However, no one could write such a sketch without raising controversial issues of this kind. The final test of a book like Mr. Allen's is, Does it live? Does it vitalize the mind of the reader? Does it show how the permanently valuable

elements of religion were conceived and conserved by this handful of Semitic clans, in the welter of tribes and nations that made up the ancient world? On the whole, it does. Mr. Allen's definition of the "idea" of Hebrew religion may not convince us. The enigmatic term "holiness" requires to be estimated, if we are to understand what "truth" means, as applied to Yahweh; and some qualification is required if we are to accept his rejection of a gradual, evolutionary process, in favour of the notion that this central idea came into existence "with, as it were, a sudden convulsion, a complete breaking-off on the part of a family unit from all its old associations and habits of life." Still, these pages have insight. Insight covers a multitude of defects or exaggerations, and there is not a multitude here, by any means.

J. M.

## BARBARISM AND BANKING

PAPERS ON CURRENT FINANCE. By H. S. Foxwell, Professor of Political Economy in the University of London. (Macmillan. 10s. net.)

**I**N this volume Professor Foxwell has collected a number of essays and addresses which have appeared in technical periodicals. Most of them deal with finance and banking, and the unity which this gives the book is strengthened by their bearing—sometimes direct, sometimes indirect—on the problems and controversies raised by the war.

The first paper contains a commentary on the crisis of July-August, 1914. Professor Foxwell, like most other authorities, criticizes the conduct of the clearing banks. "It was the bankers, not the public, who were panic-stricken, and who did most of the hoarding." But his criticism is less severe than some others have been, and he seems inclined to attribute the breakdown which occurred largely to the inadequacy of the gold reserve. For years before the war, leading bankers and other experts had been insisting upon the need for a larger reserve. An earlier paper by Professor Foxwell (first published in 1909, and reprinted in this collection) puts their case with force and lucidity, laying particular stress on the dangers which might arise in the event of war. It must be observed, however, that the dangers on which he and others based their main arguments did not actually materialize on this occasion. There was no serious foreign drain, and nothing deserving to be called a run upon the banks by depositors in this country. No doubt, the breakdown of the machinery for remittance from abroad (which was the root of the trouble) put the clearing bankers in a very awkward position, but it is difficult to resist the impression that they were unnecessarily timid. Their attitude during the crisis does not compare favourably with that of the Bank of England, which acted throughout with a high degree of coolness, public spirit and good sense; and, in one respect at least (the declaration of a general moratorium), the protection which they obtained from the Government is generally held to have been excessive. The main flaws exposed by the crisis in the banking system itself—as distinct from psychological weaknesses—were the inelasticity of the Bank of England's note issue (a threadbare topic) and the absence of provision for an emergency currency or a prearranged plan for other emergency measures. It may be said that if the reserve had been big enough no extraordinary measures would have been necessary: the normal methods of adjustment would have sufficed. But a reserve is an expensive affair, and is there any real objection to meeting with exceptional measures an event so exceptional as the outbreak of a world-war? As Mr. Withers has said, "World-wide war is a relapse into barbarism, and barbarism and banking are incompatible companions." It is the

function of banking to economize gold and provide liberal credit for the development of commerce in a civilized world. To have maintained a position which could have been carried on unshaken and unmodified when civilization went to pieces would have meant amassing reserves and restricting credits to a degree which would have hampered unwarrantably the normal course of trade. On the whole, and with certain qualifications, the crisis of 1914 vindicated the strength and general soundness of the British system. For a model of an essentially unsound system we must still look to the American crisis of 1907, which is described at length in another paper in Professor Foxwell's volume.

On the subject of Government and finance Professor Foxwell has some interesting things to say—notably in favour of continuous borrowing as against the big loan—but his attitude on the question of inflation is rather difficult to understand. In his view, the rise in prices was "caused in the main, not by operations originating in the currency, but by the enormous increase of Government expenditure: which, in so far as it is really required for the effective prosecution of the war, no one would dream of restricting." But an increase of Government expenditure, if and in so far as it is met by transferring purchasing power in the form of cash and other existing claims to wealth from individuals to the State, does not raise the general level of prices at all—except to the extent to which it diverts capital and labour into less productive channels, and so reduces the output of commodities. Everyone will admit that the rise in the general price-level was due in part to an inevitable decline in the output of commodities consequent upon the war. But, apart from this factor (which Professor Foxwell seems to think not very important), it can only have been caused by an increase in the supply of money; and Government expenses can only have contributed to it in so far as they were financed by an expansion of the currency—that is to say, in so far as the Government acquired the purchasing power it needed, not by transferring currency from individuals, but by creating it through the manufacture of notes and credits. Professor Foxwell's meaning is apparently that the Government could not in practice have raised *all* the money it wanted by transferring existing claims on wealth, and that some expansion of the currency was therefore inevitable; in other words, that the currency operations which directly contributed to the rise in prices were in their turn a consequence—necessary in practice, though not logically—of the enormous increase in Government expenditure. But he does not make this as clear as he might have done: his phrasing often suggests that the mere fact of the increase in Government expenditure by itself raised the general level of prices, altogether apart from its effect upon the output of commodities or the supply of currency. This makes his argument somewhat confusing, if not actually misleading, and obscures the real issue raised by those who complain of "inflation"—namely, whether the expansion of the currency need have been as great as it was.

Two papers on industrial subjects—one on "The Nature of the Industrial Struggle," the other (written in 1888) on "The Growth of Monopoly and its Bearing on the Functions of the State"—add to the variety of the collection, and have a topical interest now that combinations and big business are in the public eye again. But it is the papers on finance and banking which show Professor Foxwell at his best, and make his volume a valuable handbook for students.

OWING to the decision of Mrs. Milne, the widow of the late Professor Milne, F.R.S., the famous seismological expert, to return to her home in Japan, the Earthquake Observatory at Shide, near Newport I.W., will shortly be sold by auction.

## SANS MERCI

**THE TENDER CONSCIENCE.** By Bohun Lynch. (Secker. 7s. net.)

**T**O be a young man with agreeable manners, a tender heart, a large unearned income, and a passion for nothing in particular, is to be a young man doomed. . . . Here he comes, sauntering along the sunny side, laughing, looking his fill at the queer things and the delightful things displayed, making friends at a glance, sunning himself, wondering as he jingles the money whether or no he shall spend it, and blissfully unaware of Life, peering at him from behind the lifted blind, waiting for the moment when, all at once, some one's shouting, he's been cheated, he's being accused, they are pointing at him, the sun's gone in. Until there comes a grim figure to lead him away and she lets the blind fall, muttering in her wicked old triumph: "I knew it. I could have told you from the moment I set eyes on him. . . ."

This is an everyday occurrence in fiction as well as in life. But while we do not expect the victim to know, at any rate until long after the event, how or why he was captured, we do ask of our author that he should have been on the spot and the witness of every slightest move. Here, surely, is his golden opportunity of engaging our sympathetic attention, of conveying to us the innocence or the stupidity of his hero, of, at least, presenting him to us in the very centre of the stage, and making us feel how tremendously important it is that he should escape.

Mr. Lynch, who has chosen this theme for "The Tender Conscience," withholds the account of his young hero's capture until chapter seven. Then he relates it, retrospectively, we must confess, to our extreme confusion. The book opens with an account of the convalescence after shell-shock of Jimmy Guise at his sister's home in the country. Bathing, and chopping down trees, and playing with the houseful of small children bores Jimmy's wife, who wants—"London, chocolates—and some cushions . . . and papers first thing in the morning, and air raids, I expect." So back her adoring husband goes, and because there is a war on, he, who has never done a stroke of work in his life, enters a Government department—again for Blanche's sake.

. . . Blanche with her lovely helplessness, her charming ennui, her delicious clothes, her exquisite refinement, her loveliness.

Time passes. With the death of one of his friends at the front Jimmy is reminded of a very horrible episode which happened before he and Blanche were "properly" married. They had supper one Boat-Race Night with three of Jimmy's friends, and under the influence of the wine, he confessed that Blanche was not really his wife. Blanche had never noticed, but ever since then, "for her sake," he has been haunted—which brings us to chapter seven and the episode in Athens where Jimmy, travelling alone, picks up with a guide who gives him the history of the little lady with dark-red hair married to an obese old Greek. The guide does not spare her, even to a description of how he'd met her in London when she had a "very fine mash," and there is no hint that the lady is anything but bored. But fine, sensitive, lovable, chivalric Jimmy is determined to save her, and she to catch him. They engage a lawyer (the old Greek is only too willing), and while the entanglement is dissolved they live together in Provence and Paris and London. Thus, to the dismay of all his friends, is Jimmy captured by a woman who, for all that bewildering description of her charms, does not want a home, hates children, enjoys the society of women of filthy reputations, and talks in this strain:

"I must finish that fatuous book. Such tripe you never! I think I shall slip on a cloak and go for a walk, and I shall probably get off with a nice young man."

He suggests she should accompany him, and she is agreeable. "It's no good being so mighty particular in these days—so long as I don't meet hairy men who smell of beer."

Frankly, there is not a single hint given why this promiscuous little rowdy should ever have captured this young man; and the idea that she should care whether four young men knew she was not church-married is so preposterous that Jimmy in his agony becomes a figure in the laughing-stocks of our imagination. Mr. Lynch cannot pretend there is a key in such a prison-door; there is indeed no prison—but only a lady with orchids, who never ought to have been there, disappearing to the right, and a thin girl with a baby carriage entering timid.

K. M.

## POETRY AND SCIENCE

THE BIRDS; AND OTHER POEMS. By J. C. Squire. (Secker. 2s. net.)

THE first four poems in Mr. Squire's exiguous pamphlet of verse are written on themes which may vaguely be classed as "scientific." "The Birds" is a little essay on geological time and the comparative merits of instinct and reason. The next three poems, headed "Processes of Thought," are exactly described by their title; they are Mr. Squire's account of his own psychological mechanisms, with a few general remarks on the relations between the senses, memory, conscious and sub-conscious mind. We have deliberately done to these poems what External Examiners make schoolboys do to Shakespeare—"given their substance in our own words"—in order to show that the ideas which prompted Mr. Squire to write are genuinely scientific ideas, learnt in the schools and not from personal experience alone. This attempt to marry science and poetry seems to us worthy of all praise, and it is to be hoped that Mr. Squire's example may be widely followed. For it is only by experiment that a satisfactory poetical expression for the ideas of science can be evolved, by the experiments of many and various writers.

It cannot be said that English literature possesses any good scientific poetry. One thinks of that fabulous work, "The Loves of the Plants," in which the alchemical touch of Erasmus Darwin converted the drossy material of all the sciences, from botany to dynamics, into the glittering pinchbeck of his late eighteenth-century couplets. "The Loves of the Plants" is an enchanting and instructive production, but it is not exactly poetry. For the learned Doctor's method of making science poetical was not a good one. It consisted in calling a spade something like "brown Agriculture's lowliest tool" in an elegant antithetical couplet, and then, in a foot-note, calling it a plain spade and appending a short lecture on its uses. His method was the method of all the eighteenth-century didactic poets. Phillips may write on the manufacture of cider, Dyer on wool, Armstrong on the Preservation of Health; but in all of them one feels the same defect. They are simply versifying and, in the process, obscuring prose. The scientific or moral truths of which they write have in no way become the substance of poetry; they are still crude prose facts undigested and unassimilated by the imagination, still entirely aloof from the poets' feelings. An author must be *passionné* by his subject, must feel, if he is writing of science or philosophy, that the truths with which he is dealing are in intimate relation with himself. On the rare occasions when this happens, the versified exposition of science or philosophy becomes poetry. It seems to have happened with that strange and almost great poet, Fulke Greville. To him, one feels, the problems of philosophy and statecraft, which occupied his mind, were of vital interest; these abstract intellectual ideas touched him as nearly as love or hatred. That is why the "Treatise on

Human Knowledge" rises at moments to an ardent splendour; that is why the prologue to "Alaham," which in prose would be a piece of mere scholastic jugglery with the notion of nothingness, is a piece of magnificent poetry. Donne, in the same way, felt passionately about abstract ideas; in Blake, too, thought has the quality of emotion. Oddly enough, when we come to the nineteenth century, a period which was conscious and very proud of its scientific achievements, we find no poets who took a sufficiently passionate interest in the new scientific truths to turn them into poetry. Tennyson wrote a good deal about science; but his tone is frigid, he was never worked up by it to lyrical fervour. He is singing, very much more skilfully and in a different key, the tune that his eighteenth-century predecessors had intoned before him. Then there was Buchanan, the poet of militant Darwinism, "singing his song of deicides." To Buchanan the doctrines of science were as impassioned as religion; but he succeeded in the "Book of Orm" in making nothing better than fine rhetoric, for the good reason that he was not a first-class poet. The scientifically inspired verse of John Davidson is also little better than fine rhetoric; he was moved to real poetry by other themes.

Perhaps the only poet of the nineteenth century who thoroughly assimilated the science and philosophy of his time, so that it became a part of himself, a condition of all his emotions, an accompaniment in every thought and passion, was Laforgue. Plenty of young men of the generation that was coming to maturity in the early eighties must have read Hartmann's philosophy of the Unconscious. But there can have been few to whom the ideas of Hartmann were such a reality that they were troubled, even in the midst of an embrace, by thoughts of the Unconscious; and there was but one, so far as we know, who gave adequate lyrical utterance to his philosophy-ridden emotions. Laforgue is a remarkable literary phenomenon in many ways; but he will always be at least historically interesting as the only nineteenth-century poet in whom the dominant scientific philosophy of his period found an essentially lyrical and personal expression.

We come now to Mr. Squire. Has he made the scientific ideas of which he writes so much his own, so personal, that he has succeeded in investing them with lyrical quality? Or is he merely versifying facts which could be found in any text-book? The answer, we think, lies somewhere between these alternatives, rather on the hither side. For Mr. Squire, though he is a very long way off Erasmus Darwin, has not quite arrived at the point reached by Laforgue. "The Birds" is an interesting poem full of felicitous things. But it seems somehow to lack intensity. We can imagine, for instance, that someone might be so much haunted by the notion of geological time, so overwhelmed, like Pascal, at the thought of his own littleness compared with the infinites and eternities of his contemplation, that he would be able to make great poetry of the fact that the world has existed a good many million years. Mr. Squire writes of it almost jauntily:

Men were on earth while climates slowly swung,  
Fanning wide zones to heat and cold, and long  
Subsidence turned great continents to sea,  
And seas dried up, dried up interminably,  
Age after age; enormous seas were dried  
Amid wastes of land. And the last monsters died.

The three poems called "Processes of Thought" are naturally more personal, more intimately felt; for they are a record of introspection. In these we seem to be getting nearer our ideal of what the lyric inspired by science or philosophy should be like. We are not, except perhaps in the first, quite there yet; but we feel that if there were any scientific fact which Mr. Squire thought about with passion, he would certainly be able to write the poetry we want to see.

A. L. H.

## NOTES FROM IRELAND

Dublin, August 14, 1919.

THE Abbey Theatre reopened on August Bank Holiday, an earlier date than usual. Great alterations have been carried out during the summer vacation. The theatre has been redecorated; it has been painted a warm shade of red, and the new curtain is of grey Irish linen. The effect is good, a great improvement on the former rather cold colouring.

The new play presented is written by Mr. Theodore Maynard, whose name is not familiar to us; it is entitled "Brady." Brady is a milkman with a cheerful disposition, who neglects his business and spends his time advising other people about theirs. His optimism contrasts with the complainings of his mean, suspicious sister and an unsuccessful grocer. Brady has matrimonial plans of an ambitious nature. At the moment when, through his own neglect, his business is forced to close down, he is on the eve of a magnificent alliance with a lady who is the possessor of three thousand pounds. This alliance falls through at the very door of the church. Brady consoles himself with a new and improbable scheme, the starting of an orphanage. We wondered why "Brady" was ever written and why a play of this kind should be served up to the Abbey audience. It possesses no merit; so far as we can see, it can scarcely be said to have a plot; the dialogue is bad; if it amuses us occasionally, it is because some forced witticism is put into the mouth of a totally inappropriate person. We heartily hope "Brady" will not take a place in the Abbey repertory. It is to be regretted that a theatre which has done fine work should produce plays such as this. Are our art theatres also going to adopt the low standard set up for the public by the commercial stage of to-day? If so, let us abolish the repertory theatre and demand a thorough rehearsal of our rubbish. The present Abbey company needs tightening up; its pace is slow. This was evident in "The Building Fund," which followed "Brady." This week the Abbey plays are "The Rebellion in Ballycullen," by Brinsley Macnamara, and "The Coiner," by Bernard Duffy.

We hear from Miss Elizabeth Yeats that "Further Letters by J. B. Yeats," edited by Lennox Robinson, will be published by the Cuala Press in the late autumn. We welcome this volume, and hope that it may charm and entertain us as much as did "Passages from the Letters of J. B. Yeats," edited by Ezra Pound. The Cuala Press has accomplished much. Not only has it given us beautiful books, beautifully printed, but to it we owe the delightful "Broadside" illustrated by Jack B. Yeats. The fantasy of Jack B. Yeats has had full play in these sketches of Irish fairs, circuses, racecourses, etc. The old Broadsheet was, of course, the genuine "People's Poem," the ballad hawked about at racecourses and fairs. The glorified Broadsides of the Cuala Press include poems by Ernest Rhys, Padraic Colum, James Stephens, Seumas O'Sullivan and Masefield, besides many genuine old ballads. The complete collection of two hundred is a most enviable possession.

Last week Mr. Fred O'Donovan's company played "General John Regan" at the Empire Theatre. Mr. O'Donovan is to be heartily congratulated on this production. His company is an excellent one; the play went without a hitch from start to finish; there was no prompting, the parts were well cast and adequately filled. As the slippery and resourceful Doctor Mr. O'Donovan lied with charm and conviction and kept us all in good humour; Mr. Valentine Grace as Doyle the innkeeper was a most amusing and realistic figure. The play, so far as it goes, is really good. It never bores us; the characters are old friends, but old friends are pleasant company sometimes. We are well entertained, and if the situation is a trifle absurd at times, what of that? It carries us along pleasantly. As in many other cases the third act seems the weakest point of the play, or possibly the company did not quite rise to it, though there was a moment of delicious comedy when the un-musical representative of the Lord Lieutenant raised his hat to "The Wearing of the Green." The Ireland of George Birmingham is the happy-go-lucky stage Ireland of a past generation, the Ireland of Somerville and Ross, which amuses and does not depress us. It is one rather obvious side of Irish life and character, and possibly as true a side as the grey depressions of the Abbey.

H. T. S.

## THE MONTHLY CHAPBOOK

THE MONTHLY CHAPBOOK, no. 1, vol. 1, July: 23 NEW POEMS BY CONTEMPORARY POETS. (Poetry Bookshop, 1919, 1s. net.)—We find it hard to be enthusiastic about this first number of the new Monthly Chapbooks. Some of the poets write traditionally, some in a more consciously modern style; but traditional or untraditional, very few of the poems give us any great satisfaction. H. D. and Mr. Flint contribute specimens of Imagiste verse; they betray no emotion, but content themselves by heaping up hard luminous visual images. Mr. Read's "Etude" is Imagistic with a dash of eighteen-ninety in the last stanza; "immaculate angles of lust" has a post-Mallarméan ring. Mr. Aldington and Mr. Manning would seem, by their technique and their mythological preoccupations, to hang on the fringes of the same school, but they admit a genuine emotion into their verses; "Freedom" and "Echo" are both of them interesting poems. The Sitwell family leans towards the untraditional. Miss Edith Sitwell's "Interlude" is not a very good specimen of that curious and fantastic art which she has, in other works, brought to such exquisite perfection. In "Church and Stage" Mr. Sacheverell Sitwell lets us divine, beneath a somewhat perverse obscurity, a hint of something exciting; but what that something is we find it rather hard to say. Mr. Osbert Sitwell's "De Luxe" bears such a resemblance in structure, style and metrical technique to the poems recently published by Mr. T. S. Eliot in *Art and Letters* that we can hardly regard it as anything but an amusing pastiche.

Among the传统als we find, surprisingly enough, Mr. Sassoon, whose poem "The Portrait" is tinged with a pleasing sentimentality of which we should hardly, from his other work, have suspected him of being capable. Mr. de la Mare's "Lucy" is also sentimental and not up to the level of his best poetry. Mr. Sturge Moore and Mr. W. H. Davies contribute two poems which in their very different fashions achieve a kind of excellence. Miss Charlotte Mew disappoints, Mr. Goldring exacerbates; Mr. Nichols, whose chief poetic gift is a certain facility and gush of poetic melody, too rare in an age of costive verse, gives us a most harmonious Madrigal. But by far the most interesting contribution to the anthology, and indeed the only one which gives us the emotion which nothing but great poetry can give, is Mr. D. H. Lawrence's "The Little Town at Evening." Here, we feel, is a poem which has a real reason for its existence; a compelling emotion has demanded expression, and in these twelve lines has received the poetical embodiment inevitably reserved for it.

FRIEND, I DO THEE NO WRONG: THREE SERMONS ON THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND. By the Rev. W. L. Knox. (Society of SS. Peter and Paul. 2s. 6d. net.)—The substance of this book was delivered in the form of sermons at Graham Street Church last February. The rather fantastic title is a poor guide to the contents, which set forth the reasons why Anglo-Catholics believe that the orders of the English Church have a right to recognition by Rome, even when tested by the severest criteria of the Roman theological schools. The first lecture deals with the objections brought against the form of the Anglican Ordinal, the second with the alleged defective and heretical intention of its framers. The third outlines a vindication of the Church of England from the charge of schism, and suggests the terms on which a reconciliation between Rome and Canterbury might one day be effected. This is the most up-to-date defence of the Anglican position yet published, and is a careful and scholarly piece of work, though suffering slightly from the need of compression. There is an absence of the usual claptrap of pulpit apologetics, and the author has succeeded in combining firmness with courtesy in his references to opposing views and their holders.

OUR Catalan friends of the Catalan literary renaissance will be interested to learn that the authorities of the Bodleian Library have recently discovered that they have possessed for more than three centuries a Catalan MS. of 154 leaves, written about 1500. It is a little volume of Hebrew prayers with an interlinear translation, which is described in the catalogue of 1629 as French, in that of 1697 as Spanish, and in a late nineteenth century-catalogue as Latin.

## Science

### PLASTIC SURGERY

PLASTIC surgery means properly all surgical procedures that are directed towards altering the shape or contour of any part of the body, but it is specially in relation to operations on the face that it is used here. Wounds of the face, though sometimes very severe and incredibly disfiguring, were not often fatal, so that there was produced during the war a very large number of men whose condition demanded the immediate development of this particular branch of surgery. The response was slow, since experience of such work was almost non-existent, and methods had to be elaborated and modified as the operators proceeded. The final results during the last eighteen months have been extremely good, and many men have been provided with new features which, if not quite rivalling Nature's originals, at least enable their owners to take their part in life without being too conscious of their ugliness.

One of the most difficult and insistent of the problems to be solved was the fashioning of a new nose, and it is here that the best results have been achieved. In building up a new nose three components had to be produced from somewhere: an inside lining, a bony or cartilaginous scaffolding, and an outside covering. Accordingly the first step in the operation is a preliminary implantation of three bits of cartilage under the skin of the face: one between the eyebrows, and one in each cheek at the sides of the cavity where the nose ought to be. The cartilage is taken from the ribs close to the breast-bone, and is introduced under the skin of the face through small slits which quickly heal. After the lapse of a fortnight, when the implanted cartilage has thoroughly "grown in," the second, or main, operation is undertaken. The three cartilages, with the skin covering them, are raised, turned downwards or inwards, and stitched together in their new position, so that the skin is now on the inside of the new nose. A natural nose is lined on the inside with a modified skin, or mucous membrane, which is set with various small secreting glands and, in the front part, with stiff, protecting hairs, but ordinary skin seems to serve the purpose very well. The cartilages now form a triradiate scaffolding, which presents, however, a raw surface that has yet to be covered. This covering must be of considerable size, and the forehead is the only area in the neighbourhood that can provide a flap of skin large enough. A "pattern" nose of tinfoil is made of the exact size and shape that is wanted, and this is laid on the forehead and outlined; the flap of skin thus mapped out is raised, until it remains attached only by a bridge of skin over one eyebrow, and is turned down over the site of the nose, where it is stitched in its new position. The nose has now been completed, but the effect is hideous, since the bridge of skin by which the flap is still connected with the forehead appears as a thick, twisted fold above one eye; this bridge has to be left in order that the flap may have a blood-supply while it is acquiring its attachments at the edges of the new nose, but a few weeks later, at a third operation, the bridge is divided, and all skin that is not wanted for the nose is returned to the forehead. The nose is now firmly attached in its new position, the ugly redundancy above it is gone, and at a distance the patient appears to have a very presentable, though sometimes rather bulbous, organ. If it be examined closely it is seen that the quality of the skin is softer than normal, the outlines rounder, and scars can be detected at the lines of junction, but the improvement in appearance after the operation can hardly be conveyed to anyone

who has not seen the patient before. The skin of the face is very elastic, so that the gaps left by raising the cartilage and skin are easily closed by drawing the edges together. The larger gap left by the forehead flap is less easily filled, but it can be covered by an inlay of skin taken from another part of the body such as the thigh, or the skin edges can be drawn together as far as possible and then allowed to heal over in the ordinary way. It may be asked why, if skin can be grafted from the thigh on to the forehead, the nose also is not covered in this way. The reason is that absolutely uniform pressure, such as can be maintained on the relatively flat surface of the forehead, is necessary to make the graft "take"; but on the newly-formed nose this pressure cannot be obtained, and the contact between the raw surfaces is therefore not intimate enough.

The method of forming a new nose has been described in some detail because it illustrates very well the general principles of the plastic surgery of the face. The principle of using a flap of skin to cover an area at a distance, while keeping up its blood-supply by leaving it attached at one end, has been further developed. By leaving the flap at first attached at *both* ends a much larger area can be used. The difficult problem of how to provide enough material to supply a missing lower jaw has been attacked by this means. A long flap of skin is raised on each side of the neck; the edges are then united so that a closed tube of skin is formed, the appearance of which, with its attachments above and below, suggests a portmanteau handle. After some days, when this tube has accommodated itself to the new conditions, its lower attachment is divided and the skin is swung up on to the lower part of the face or higher up the neck, where it is stitched into position. After another interval the upper attachment is divided and in its turn fixed in a new place, so that the whole flap may now have been removed to a distance from its original position nearly double its own length. Skin for the lower jaw has in this way been taken from the chest and from the scalp; the latter has the advantage of being provided with hair, and so, when properly adjusted, it forms a beard, which helps to hide the disfigurement.

No amount of ingenuity has yet quite overcome the difficulty of making new eyelids, when these have been extensively damaged. Attempts have resulted only in a stiff, expressionless socket, and a glass eye in these surroundings is a great deal more unpleasant than if the patient were frankly to cover his injury with a black patch.

Human memory is proverbially short; the horrors of war are already being forgotten, and plastic surgery is helping to complete the process. It is therefore a good thing that the condition of many of these patients before operation has been permanently recorded by a very good artist in pastel and water-colour and by realistic models in plaster. These should be prominently exhibited in the war museum of the future, since there can be no more forcible deterrent of would-be belligerents than a realization of what war can do to their poor bodies.

MR. JULIAN HUXLEY has been elected to a fellowship at New College, Oxford, for purposes of research in biology. Mr. Huxley, who is a frequent contributor on scientific subjects to THE ATHENÆUM, was a scholar of Balliol from 1905 to 1909, won the Newdigate Prize for English Verse in 1908, and was placed in the First Class in 1909 in the Final Honour School of Natural Science. Since he took his degree he has been Oxford scholar at Naples, lecturer at Balliol, and (from 1913 to 1916) Associate Professor of Biology in the Rice Institute, Houston, Texas. He gave up the last post in order to enter the Army, and during the war he served as Staff Interpreter with the British Army in Italy.

## SOME IMPLICATIONS OF SCIENCE

THE WHOLE ARMOUR OF MAN. By C. W. Saleeby. (Grant Richards. 7s 6d. net.)  
SCIENCE AND WAR. By the Right Hon. Lord Moulton. (Cambridge, University Press. 2s. 6d. net.)

**P**OPULAR SCIENCE is a term that covers many different kinds of lectures and of essays. The aim of such lectures and essays is generally supposed to consist in giving a non-technical but accurate account of scientific work—an ideal very hard of attainment. It is not only a difficult ideal, but, to the majority of popular writers, it is not particularly interesting. Science has implications, philosophical, theological and social, and the majority of writers on popular science are more concerned to stress these implications than to confine their attention to the purely scientific aspects of whatever they are discussing. It is natural to suppose, also, that this method of treatment is more interesting to their audience. If Huxley's popular expositions were not so intimately related to theology it is doubtful whether they would be read by so wide a public. The centre of interest has shifted since his day, and the work of the propagandist-expositors now deals chiefly with the social implications of science.

Of this school Dr. Saleeby is one of the most vigorous and successful members. In the present collection of essays and lectures almost every item has its moral underlined and repeated, and the cumulative effect on the reader is such that he feels he must immediately join some committee for doing something or other. It is quite obvious that the production of such an effect is precisely Dr. Saleeby's aim. He would estimate the importance of a scientific discovery in terms of the number of committees he could force the Government to appoint on the strength of it, and there is a great deal to be said for his point of view. His interests being what they are, he is fortunate in the subject he has taken up, for this subject, medicine, can give a more convincing reply to the famous question, What is the use of it? than almost any other subject. A man who can promise the abolition of Typhoid Fever, Venereal Disease, Infant Mortality, and, more doubtfully, of death itself, could obviously count his committees by the hundred where the Astronomer Royal could not count his by tens—which is quite as it should be. He is, therefore, assured of a sympathetic audience; whatever we may think of the "cultural" value of science, we are agreed that what Dr. Saleeby has to say is really of importance. Even if his science be not rigorously true, we feel that the error is in the right direction, for Dr. Saleeby's dragons are really abominable beasts. We realize that the pedantry of unimportant qualification is out of place in Dr. Saleeby's sweeping paragraphs, just as we felt the exact truth to be out of place when engaged in fighting the Germans.

But although we are willing to be generous, Dr. Saleeby himself seems a little depressed when he glimpses the fact that he is, mainly, a propagandist, and therefore subject to those emotions which have no place in scientific work.

Having repeatedly committed myself to a denial of the physiological utility of alcohol, how should I greet the most overwhelming new scientific evidence that this is a food and a defence against disease, when taken under proper conditions? I can guess how I should behave by the fact that already my pen itches to deny the possibility of any such dilemma. It is ourselves that we are for, in such cases, and must be for unless our belief in Truth be such that we regard it as safest, for our own self-interest, to follow her wherever she leads. So it is, in the long run, but meanwhile how hard we find it not to be politicians and affirm brazenly: "What I have said, I have said!"

That "So it is" is not scientific, for we have no evidence for the statement, but the man who could not make it could not be a propagandist. Dr. Saleeby's qualifications for his task are excellent. He is a very effective writer and speaker, and his knowledge is usually sufficient to

prevent him from making noticeable slips. His courage is considerable; he is always willing to add to the difficulties of his main campaign by simultaneously waging any number of minor wars on Public Schools, military commanders and what not. His classification of these latter, together with statesmen, as "senile-puerile men" will not lessen his difficulties in getting his committees appointed, although we have no difficulty in accepting his classification after reading his book. Indeed, we are left wondering whether statesmen are anything whatever except mere obstructions in the way of a happier and healthier world. Even scientific men themselves are sometimes presented as having rather less than average intelligence:

Only one school of medicine in these islands—it is in Ireland—requires any study of the infant and its disorders from its graduands. When I first qualified, after five assiduous years in Edinburgh, I could merely tell one end of a baby from the other, this being officially required so that one may know which end of the newcomer is entering our strange world first.

As is usual when we compare the world as it is with the world as it might be, we are left exclaiming, What fools human beings are!

In its very different way this is the moral also of Lord Moulton's Rede Lecture. The immense resources science puts into the hands of men were made evident by the war, together with the fact that, except at such exceptional moments, these resources are neglected. The investigation of Bilharzia, a disease affecting our troops in Lower Egypt, was due to the war. We now know the way to extirpate it.

If we succeed in checking its spread it will be indirectly due to the strain of the war, which makes us alive to the necessity for prompt action, and creates not merely a willingness but an eagerness to accept all the aid that Science can give us in dealing with the emergencies that so continually arise and which permit of no delay.

In times of peace, of course, we find that they permit of any amount of delay. Twenty million casualties seems a large price for such common sense as the world has acquired. It may be that it has not yet learned enough, and, as Lord Moulton points out, the next time it goes to school the lesson may kill it. The almost untried possibilities of poison gas lead Lord Moulton to take the "gloomiest views of the work of Science in connection with the future of this type of warfare." The development of high explosives and that of the internal-combustion engine have been the chief factors in the present war. They have changed the whole character of war, and our only hope is that men may come to see that they have made, or will make, war impossible.

To my mind there is one overpowering lesson to be derived from the contemplation of all that Science has done for War. She has made mankind too formidable a being to be permitted to have recourse to it.

There is little sign that mankind even yet realizes the truth of this statement. The whole effect of Lord Moulton's lecture is to convince us that, if men still want wars, the next great war really will end war—and everything else.

THE current number of the *Proceedings* of the Society for Psychical Research is of unusual interest, containing as it does the Presidential Address of the late Lord Rayleigh, on which we commented last week. Sir Oliver Lodge and Mr. Piddington engage in a mild controversy which touches on points of interest to classical scholars, since it arises out of Dr. Verrall's attempts to communicate telepathically to his wife a phrase from "Orestes," and an agreeable amount of learning is expended on the subject. The two concluding articles deal with Dr. W. J. Crawford's methods and results as expounded in his interesting book "The Reality of Psychic Phenomena," which is, perhaps, the most suggestive contribution yet made to what may be called the physics of psychic manifestations.

## Fine Arts

### A FIRST VISIT TO THE LOUVRE

THE reopening of the Louvre was for us artists of the younger generation, more than for the amateurs of classical painting, a serious event. It seemed indispensable to us all to form a decisive opinion on traditional art, and at the same time to take our bearings in the troubled ocean of painting at last. At the first instant of contact with our masters, the skilled captains who made such splendid voyages without shipwreck, we realized the distance our vessel was out of its course. To discover the direction of the current which had thus diverted us, and to regain by the shortest possible route a traditional harbour, was the resolution which the most clear-sighted of us brought away from our visit.

Two great French works imposed themselves on our fresh admiration at our first visit, and supplied us with the elements of our salvation: the work of the brothers Lenain and that of David. Our most recent affections were bound at the outset to turn us towards the brothers Lenain. Are they not the painters most akin to the great Cézanne? Just like the master of Aix, and in a language hardly different from his, they give us the first salutary injunctions.

One of Cézanne's miracles consists in making the mind leap to the furthest heights, starting from the lowest possible point. For him the sublime is not in the subject chosen, but in the result obtained by spiritual fervour. It is not the starting-point which matters, but the conclusion to which only an ardent soul can arrive. This ideal has become the ideal of modern painters, even though Cubist painting reveals it badly.

Look at Lenain's peasants. The painter represents them to us in the most ordinary attitude. It is the poetry of everyday duties accepted without revolt. Lenain's personages are engaged in being independent as little as possible. And, like his peasants, the painter is a model of devotion to duty. He makes no attempt to amplify the meaning of his subject by any turn of the hand or voluntary agitation: he jostles nothing; he adopts no mannerism that might disturb the limpidity of his interrogation: he analyses. That is the great virtue of the French masters, the virtue we must practise to achieve our salvation and at the same time to secure the salvation of painters of other countries, who, on their own confession, look for it only from us.

The first lesson we received is moral. The painters who gave it to us concealed their methods and left their intentions to be divined. Carefully to efface the traces of their labour in order to give to the work of art the appearance of a natural thing—that is the classical method at its purest. Is it possible for us to become classical again in this sense? Too many attempts have been dared, too many hypotheses put forward by our predecessors, for us to find for many years to come the spiritual repose, the internal tranquillity which alone permit the peaceful application of infallible laws. Something irreparable has happened, has been interposed between the tradition and ourselves. We will study all its manifestations shortly. To-day we are going to see its origins.

Here we are in the "Salon de Couronnement" where David reigns: plastic affirmations, an efflorescence of sculptural forms, whence emerges an impression of certainty. In spite of all this we shall soon discern the secret of the modern disquietude. The canvas in which we shall find an image of ourselves, remote, microscopic, but decipherable, is precisely the one of which Cézanne hung

a reproduction on his wall. This picture worried him. We can find the reflection of it in the straight and curved lines which are mingled and paired, balance and oppose each other with so marvellous a rigour. "Les Sabines" contain the secret of the evolution of Cézanne, or rather they reveal it.

The motionless personages of Lenain wait to be visited and questioned to reveal their soul. It was thus that a moment ago the "Repas de Paysans" disappeared before our urgent scrutiny to give place to an assembly of meditative gods. David's personages advance to meet us. They express themselves by signs; they adopt a metaphorical language. Their faces, instead of absorbing all the emotion, are simplified so as to be only a detail of the general physiognomy. And this physiognomy itself multiplies in gestures: it becomes hieroglyphic, and its geometry is prolonged by that of the helmets, lances and shields, which trace against the formless background the pattern of their eloquent assertions. The uneducated public, sensible to the anecdote alone, sees in it only the rather naive display of a pompous paraphernalia. But anyone who can see beyond the narrow meaning of the forms will enjoy in this picture pure plastic emotions, which alone count. Modern painting is only a somewhat crude demonstration of this truth. The Lenains camouflage it; David, our precursor, underlines it with magnificent authority.

In the midst of the most perilous artistic frivolities of the eighteenth century, David rises, full of a righteous indignation, above the chaos. The god of lucid painting, he purges, separates and bounds those elements which the all too charming carelessness of the Bouchers and Fragonards, the first impressionists, had thrown into confusion. He masters disorder; as soon as movement becomes too sentimental or tragic he abandons it. No battle is too closely locked, too confused; he can always stop it at a solemn moment. The warriors and women of his picture of the Sabines never complete the actions they have suggested. Poised on the brink of abysmal ridicule—like all heroes—they check their gesture at the summit of its trajectory, immobilized for eternity.

The "Peasants" and the "Sabines" are wonderfully complementary in their opposition. A study of their unlikenesses and a search for the points they have in common would be, for us, most fruitful in lessons. The Lenains appeared to us to be painters in whom the practice of a well-learned craft had become instinctive. David made his appearance at a moment of collapse. He had to react against the first violent flux of romanticism and to struggle against the sentimentality or pettiness of theme encouraged by the men of letters (Diderot in particular), as well as against a too insolent display of technical accomplishment. Like a coachman who, his team suddenly failing, tightens the slack reins and calculates the force of the hitherto useless whip—David had, in order to perform his task with success, to realize all the powers at his disposal. He superintends and affirms his process of work. He displays his methods and explains them. In this we see the master swept away by the current that was to carry us so far—as far as Cubism. The character of modern painting consists, surely, in this tendency to make confidences, in these demonstrations on the canvas which the painter makes of his methods. In the pictures of David we witness the birth of something wholly new in painting: the intoxication of the artist in handling the elements of his craft. Thought reducing the object of its meditation to a point at which it asks from it no more than an orientation thought subsisting on itself; the painter taking the place of nature after according it the briefest reference—this is the irreparable event that has taken place.

Peevish spirits deplore the fact. Instead of wondering

whether it is a good or a bad thing, a point on which only the future can form a judgment, would it not be preferable to make the best of this new situation? Let us courageously assume the fatalities that lead us on; a consciousness of the danger we run will sufficiently provide us with the means to escape it.

We consider David as the prototype of the modern painter, as the maker of that revolution which continues in us much more than we continue it. He possesses one characteristic in common with the traditional painters; a characteristic which it is, therefore, indispensable for us to preserve, since this survival of a principle through two opposed aesthetics proves its immutability. This essential virtue is just that virtue which is least honoured and least practised by modern artists. It is the faculty of analysis, that effacement (provisional, but at the same time a primary necessity) of the painter before reality, that research, or acceptance, in reality of the themes that give birth to the work of art.

And now, having discovered its origins, let us study in all its details the evil from which we suffer. We shall cure ourselves of it by cultivating it. Let us practise a wise and salutary homoeopathy. Once in line with tradition, let us have the courage to show our immersion in the world of things; let us not be afraid of converting the classic theme into the furniture of our pictures. Let us make that explicit which was only implicit in the past.

The slapdash of the improviser and the minuteness of the naturalistic painter will fare badly with these new methods of work. Must we regret the fact? Let us throw aside all anxiety and set joyously to work, our eyes fixed on the narrow channel which leads from troubled seas to the haven where the start of tireless adventures is ever preparing.

ANDRÉ LHOTE.

#### NOTES ON ART SALES

At Sotheby's sale of modern etchings, drawings and lithographs on July 23, "The French Set" (thirteen fine early impressions) by J. A. McNeill Whistler was sold for £210; and the following by Anders Zorn: "Edo sur les Rochers," £86; "The Swan," £52; and "The New Maid," £30. Sir F. Seymour Haden's "Breaking-up of the Agamemnon," first state, unsigned, sold for £31; and Mr. Muirhead Bone's "Chiswick" for £30, and "St. John's Wood" for £27.

Collections of engravings and drawings were dispersed at Sotheby's on July 29. Messrs. Colnaghi & Obach secured for £260 "Theophila Palmer," by J. R. Smith after Reynolds, with uncut margins, first state; Messrs. Ellis & Smith, "The Charms of the Morning," by L. Marin, printed in colours and gold, for £210; Mr. F. Sabin, "Children Fishing" and "Children gathering Blackberries," by P. Dawe after Morland, printed in colours, for £355 the pair; and Mr. Vicars, "Master Lambton," after Lawrence, proof, dated Jan. 1827, for £120.

On July 31 the last sale of the season at Christie's took place. Drawings and pictures from various sources were offered. "The Wormald Children," five in number against a landscape background, 55 in. by 47 in., ascribed to Romney, was sold for £682 10s.; a portrait of Andreas Deonyzoon Winius, in the service of the Czar Alexis about 1653, with a portrait of his wife, 48 in. by 40 in., a pair, by J. Lutichnys, £367 10s. (Rogers); and a portrait of Andrew Caldwell, Esq., 30 in. by 25 in., of the Early English School, £315 (W. L. Peacock). Messrs. Colnaghi & Obach were the purchasers of a pair of views of Richmond and Twickenham, 27½ in. by 35½ in., by Adrien le Prieur, from the collection of Sir H. M. Vavasour, for £189.

On the same day Messrs. Christie sold two planes of late seventeenth-century Flemish tapestry, with landscapes and peasants, for £420 (Van Straaten); four panels of the same period for £399 (H. & J. Simmons); two others for £286 13s. (Gregory); and two panels of sixteenth-century Flemish for £304 10s. (Arditti).

On the same day at Sotheby's six lots of late eighteenth-century Chinese drawings fetched £220.

The sale of Japanese colour-prints, kakemono, drawings and scavings, lacquer and bronzes on August 1 brought Messrs. Sotheby's season to a close.

#### THE CENOTAPH

It appears to have been definitely decided to execute the Whitehall cenotaph in a permanent material and to erect it on the present site. The choice of material will presumably rest with Sir Edwin Lutyens, and it is to be hoped that the monument will not suffer in the process of translation. The atmosphere of the model is undeniably impressive in spite of its small size; the straight lines and excellent proportions convey a suggestion of nobility which is enhanced by the cream-white colour, and which could doubtless be retained in some hard white unpolished marble with the wreaths cast in bronze.

It would be wise to rail it in by an arrangement of posts and chains or some other device to safeguard it against profanation by unthinking urchins and idle, callous or mischievous adults. We are in England extremely sensitive to the physical wellbeing of devotional objects. Monuments in Latin countries may be battered or defiled without offending the devout who remain conscious of their symbolic significance; Latins can mingle familiarity with devotion. But we deliberately hold our sacred monuments aloof; we could not tolerate the careless profanation of the cenotaph. We should prefer it to be definitely isolated from the life of the crowded thoroughfare around.

That our tribute to the Glorious Dead should have taken this particular form and found a home on this particular site is fortuitous. The cenotaph appeared there for the Victory March, and immediately took its place as a symbol of a deep and general feeling. It is as though the returning soldiers had beaten upon the ground, and lo! the cenotaph arose to signify their memory of comrades and brothers. The very unpretentiousness of the monument increases this impression. A more grandiose or elaborate structure deposited on a commanding position at a later period would lack the organic character of this tribute and have no compensating advantage. For it is not possible by the size of a monument to record the magnitude of our debt to the fallen.

#### FINE ART IN THE STORES

FURNISHING establishments have long provided their customers with a selection of "suitable" pictures for their homes, generally photogravures or coloured reproductions of popular pictures mounted in handsome frames. In practice newly married couples frequently purchased a number of these uninspired objects together with their chairs and tables. Two enterprising directors—Mr. Ambrose Heal, of Heal & Son, Tottenham Court Road, and Mr. Stanley Toms, of Derry & Toms, Kensington—are now attempting to induce the public to acquire original works by contemporary artists in lieu of the hackneyed sentimental reproductions.

Both are perfectly genuine art patrons according to their lights. Mr. Heal specializes in the works of the most advanced schools. We have recently printed a detailed review of the collection of modern French art at his Mansard Gallery. Mr. Toms, although equally willing and anxious to encourage *les jeunes*, favours the more conservative schools. His recent exhibition of water-colour drawings of Etaples, by T. Austen Brown, A.R.S.A., R.B.C., is not as interesting and important as the collection at the Mansard Gallery, but it is as good fare as that provided by the majority of the smaller Bond Street Galleries.

Superior critics will quarrel with the assumption that the function of fine art is to provide wall furniture for bourgeois dwellings. Most artists, however, would be glad if the assumption were confirmed by the bourgeois. The achievements of classical Italian painting demonstrate that art suffers nothing from clearly recognized and circumscribed functions, and it is at least possible that artists may find encouragement in the probability of selling a number of works among a large bourgeois public instead of the present rather remote possibility of selling a few to a restricted circle of millionaires and connoisseurs. Some artists may regard the system as exploitation of their work in the interests of the stores. It is true that a certain number of people visit these stores to inspect the pictures and are induced to make other purchases. But it is equally true that far more people visit the stores to make ordinary purchases and are induced to inspect the pictures.

## Music

### "TANNHÄUSER" IN POPLAR

PROBABLY most readers have by this time forgotten a correspondence which took place in this paper on the subject of "Music, the Cinderella of the Arts." I have no wish to reopen it, and I only refer to it because it brought me the gift of a book which led me to a novel and interesting musical experience. The book was "The Music of Life" by Charles T. Smith (P. S. King & Son). Mr. Smith is an assistant master in an elementary school in the Isle of Dogs, and his book is an exposition of his methods of teaching music to East End children. He starts with a conversation between himself and one of his boys:

*Teacher:* How do you usually spend the evenings? Do you find plenty to do?

*Boy:* No, sir; I lark about and get into mischief as a rule.

*Teacher:* Is it of such a nature that if you were caught, you would probably go to gaol?

*Boy:* Yes, sir, I'm afraid it is.

*Teacher:* Why do you do it?

*Boy:* Because, sir, there is nothing else to do. There is nowhere to go; there are no amusements—not even a picture palace.

The boy in question is described as having been keen on his school work, especially on artistic subjects, and head of his class. It was this conversation which led Mr. Smith to consider how the teaching of music in school might be developed so as to give boys not merely instruction in a school subject, but a real stimulus towards artistic enjoyment such as would lead them to make a better use of their free time. After six years of experimenting he has evolved his scheme of musical education, and has carried it out, as he says, "in an old school without a hall and situated in a very poor and isolated neighbourhood, where the environment is deadly dull and musical facilities nil. Yet an incident in the experiment was the production by the children of Gounod's 'Faust,' a three-hour performance, the recitations practically without cuts, and the choruses in four, and occasionally five, parts."

The book contains so much musical knowledge, and in so carefully compressed a form, that a casual reader might easily be tempted to say, "Yes, we've seen all that before," and skip several pages. Mr. Smith has, on paper, that severely methodical mind without which, I imagine, no man can be an efficient elementary-school teacher. But it is clear that he is intent upon always giving his pupils the reasons and principles on which the art of music is based, and also upon making them do as much as possible themselves in the way of practical performance. His production of "Faust" was proof of this. It took place in June, 1914, before a select audience of parents, and was so much appreciated by the inhabitants of Poplar that three performances had to be given to overflowing houses.

Feeling that I should learn more by example than by precept, I ventured to write and ask if I might be allowed to visit the school and see something of the music classes in actual operation. The answer was a cordial invitation to come and listen to a lesson on "Tannhäuser." It was called a lesson, but it was really more in the nature of a performance. First, Mr. Smith gave a short account of the legend and of Wagner's treatment of it. The overture was postponed till the end of the opera for educational reasons. A few desks and chairs were arranged in a pyramid covered with a sheet, and on the lower slopes of this erection reclined Venus in a white garment and a flowing flaxen wig, with Tannhäuser seated at her feet. Mr. Smith described the ballet in language suitable for the youthful understanding, and Tannhäuser rose and sang his song. Venus scuttled off, the shepherd boy

mounted the pyramid, the pilgrims stood up at their desks and marched singing away to Rome down the passage. Then followed the scene with the Landgrave and the knights. The music was considerably cut down, and the big ensembles and choruses very cleverly arranged for three- or four-part harmony of boys' voices. The second and third acts were treated in the same way. The march was given on a gramophone record of the London Symphony Orchestra, the boys coming in with the chorus at the end. Unluckily the record had not been set to the pitch of the pianoforte, so that there was a little confusion; but the boys, who had naturally taken their pitch from the gramophone, stuck bravely to their parts and finished the scene without a break-down. In this way a very good general idea of the whole opera was given; the important scenes were sung and acted, while the connecting links were supplied by the teacher. Finally, the overture was played on the gramophone, after its construction and meaning had been explained.

Probably most opera-goers of to-day would agree in thinking "Tannhäuser" rather tiresome and old-fashioned. It has its moments of greatness in which it is far in advance of its time; but it also has long stretches that are not at all in advance of its time, and not at all good even for that particular period. Considered merely as an imitator of Donizetti, Wagner was very far from making a good job of it. And I suppose that in most of the big opera-houses "Tannhäuser" is regarded rather as a bore—a stop-gap opera which can always be put on without a rehearsal. But in the Isle of Dogs "Tannhäuser" had something of that freshness which it must have had at its first production. For these little boys it was a novelty, and its performance an undreamt-of achievement. They sang it with a sense of beauty, with an intelligence and an enthusiasm that were startling and refreshing.

I have no idea whether Mr. Smith is a man of unique genius, or whether there are thousands of teachers doing exactly the same thing all over the country. It is certainly highly desirable that this should be the case. Knowing little of elementary schools, I could only venture a comparison with preparatory and public-school musical training. "Standard VII. boys," says Mr. Smith, "absolutely romp through a passage like the selection from 'Tannhäuser' (Act I., finale)." The boys whom I heard sang contrapuntal music with perfect certainty; they also had an excellent quality of vocal tone, and spoke their words correctly and clearly with hardly a vestige of cockney accent. The headmaster of an expensive preparatory school (himself not musical) once told me that the practice of singing was of the greatest value in teaching purity of diction. It is to the music teachers of this country that we ought to look to preserve for us the beauty of English speech.

It is often maintained by educationalists that the elementary schools give a much better education than those frequented by the wealthier classes. Whether this is true or not I do not know; but the singing which I heard in that Poplar school made me reflect with some anxiety on the conditions of musical education among those who should be in a position to command the best of it. Mr. Smith's book ought to be carefully considered not only by elementary-school teachers, but by all who are occupied in the musical education of the young.

EDWARD J. DENT.

MR. HENRY ARTHUR JONES has written a volume entitled "Last Words on the Drama," which is an exhaustive discussion of the present condition of the theatre and of the remedies proposed by the author and others. The volume will be issued, as a series of shilling pamphlets, at intervals of a few weeks.

## Drama GREEN PASTURES AND PICCADILLY

**W**HAT should we do without sin?—in the theatre, that is to say! In life, quite a number of people *se fichent d'elle*, but the stage, deprived of her loyal co-operation, would collapse at once. Without sin there can be no suffering or remorse, no broadmindedness, and consequently no play. Plays are not all the same because there are fortunately two sorts of sin—irregular unions based upon love and irregular unions based upon money—and also two sorts of saints, the unco' guid, and the "real" saints, who comprehend the sinners of the first class and utter dark economic redes that condone the existence of the second. Variety in plays is, therefore, possible, though the central figure should always be a man about town, weak and pleasure-loving, but good at bottom and capable of abrupt and permanent reform. The title of "Green Pastures and Piccadilly" makes everything so plain that it seemed scarcely necessary that the curtain should go up. When it did, there they all were in the Rectory drawing-room—the dear old vicar who will prove to be so human as well as such a saint; his wife, an unco' guid; their innocent daughter, arranging flowers, but capable of announcing "a clean woman demands a clean man" before the evening ends; Jack, madly in love with her, yet uneasy about something; and Jack's father, a rich blunt manufacturer, same class as the vicar. One's only doubt was about the sin. Which sort was it going to be? and here I must own that the author misled me, chiefly by means of a black-and-white sofa cushion, very brazen, which figured among the furniture of the sinner's flat. And behind the sofa cushion hung a piece of canvas painted to represent Piccadilly, and bringing that terrible place even nearer to us than it is to the Ambassadors Theatre. All this was misleading. Daisy belonged to the first class, and Jack should have installed her more appropriately. But Jack always did blunder. He put off telling Daisy about his marriage until the very day before it took place, thus creating the maximum of irritation and suspicion at both ends. One realizes his difficulty. He was obliged to mismanage everything, or there would have been no dénouement; and he was obliged to take a flat in Piccadilly, or there would have been no title. Still he was his own master about sofa cushions, and he really might have shut the window.

But perhaps Daisy bought the cushion to please Maudie. Maudie (class two) was reckless and loud, though her heart was of gold. It was Maudie who cried "Revenge!" and flew down to the Rectory in the third act, to interrupt the wedding. "Madam, you have made some mistake," said the dear old vicar, and his wife said "These persons!" But Maudie didn't care. She gave them all what for, and just then the door opened again and the parlour-maid announced "Miss Daisy Bird." The Rectory was the last place that Daisy had meant to come to when she left the flat. Badly as Jack had treated her, she loved him deeply, and would have died sooner than create a scandal. She had only come away in order to stop Maudie, but you know what happens when you do that on the stage. You can stop neither Maudie nor yourself. And if anyone tries to stop you the same fate overtakes him; he too is hurled into the burly until the characters are all collected for the final scene. At all events so it was in Daisy's case, and the vicar's wife, generally so censorious, seemed to understand her difficulty and quite accepted the above excuse. Then the actors classed themselves by word of mouth—rather quickly, for they

had evidently performed the operation for a good many years. The manufacturer said with deep respect, "And if ever you need money . . ."; the vicar said with deep respect, "I shall think of you . . . often . . ." Daisy left, sobbing but strengthened, and Jack and his future bride ran through their reconciliation scene. Down went the curtain up it went showing everyone in a row; down it went, and away one flew to Piccadilly to scramble for the Tube. Squashed in a lift, in a mass of other respectable people, one thought: "Why are such plays written, why produced? Has 'John Walton' ever for one moment thought clearly or felt deeply upon this subject of irregular unions? Has she (or he) ever conceived of sin except as something that makes the stage go round?"

Amor, che al cor gentil ratto s'apprende  
prese costui della bella persona  
che mi fu tolta, e il modo ancor m'offende.

Amor, che a nullo amato amar perdona,  
mi prese del costui piacer si forte  
che, come vede, ancor non m'abbandona.

Amor condusse noi ad una morte . . .

It can be done! But it has to be done differently.

P.

## THE ROTTERS

THERE was a distinct risk just before the war of the tyrannical parent becoming as much of an obsession with our younger play-writers as the mad heroine in white satin was with the dramatists of the eighteenth and early nineteenth century, or the redeemed courtesan with those of the Second Empire. The war period will no doubt correct this tendency, through the abundance of fresh topics it has provided, especially for the satirist; but Mr. H. F. Maltby may claim to have done something personally in this respect by concocting "The Rotters," the best burlesque of the Manchester school yet written. The trials of Councillor Clugston with his shocking children and his cruelly attentive gentleman-chau'eur are pure farce, but farce that is made legitimate by jumping off from the ground of observed reality. If extravaganza sometimes verges on buffoonery, that should probably be set down to the occasionally indiscreet zeal of the actors in the present revival at the Kingsway. They must take care not to destroy the illusion, bound to arise in the minds of those who have known North-Country Councillors, that these things might after all have happened. The farce-writer is judged by his power to create such illusions.

Not all the cast lie open to this charge. Mr. Cecil Humphreys, for instance, as the chauffeur Charles, the Puck of this fairy tale, gives play to his cool and insolent stage-personality without trading upon it. Miss Minnie Rayner, in the part of the Councillor's vulgar wife, challenges us to say that she has overdrawn the well-known type and carries off the challenge successfully. Best of all is the way Miss Ivy Carlton embodies the youngest daughter of the family. The worst that can be said of her jolly schoolgirl is that perhaps she is a trifle idealized.

D. L. M.

MR. LOWELL THOMAS, the American war correspondent, in his opening lecture at the Covent Garden Opera-House on Thursday, August 14, introduced some really wonderful films (including coloured scenes taken from an aeroplane) of General Allenby's campaign in Palestine and the liberation of Arabia. His clear description of the campaign that freed the Holy Land from Turkish dominion is of particular interest, especially the story of Thomas Lawrence, the young British archaeologist and leader of the Arabian army. Mr. Thomas pays a great tribute to British valour, and is an advocate of the closer union of Great Britain and America. The public should be grateful to him and his colleagues for providing such a graphic record of recent events in the Holy Land.

## Correspondence

### OUR INACCESSIBLE HERITAGE

To the Editor of THE ATHENÆUM.

DEAR SIR.—The correspondence under the above heading has interested me exceedingly, and had I space I could answer in detail many of your critic's objections. He surely ought to have taken more care to look at the lists of the different publishers, like the Oxford Press, the Cambridge Press, Messrs. Fisher Unwin, ourselves and various others, not forgetting Bullen's Press at Stratford-on-Avon. He says, for instance, that the only Elizabethan translation available is Florio's Montaigne. If he had looked through our lists he would have found that in the "Temple Classics" we have done North's Plutarch, Chapman's Iliad and Odyssey, More's "Utopia" (translated by Robynson), and others. As for the dramatists—not only in "Everyman's Library," but in our list of "Temple Dramatists," we have published Ben Jonson's works complete, a very large selection of the minor Elizabethan dramas collected in two volumes, as well as a volume of the select plays of Beaumont and Fletcher, which is more than people read, I am sorry to say. We have, moreover, issued a volume of the Restoration Plays, edited by Edmund Gosse; and besides these we have various plays in the "Temple Dramatists" which fully represent all the Elizabethan work, although, of course, not in its full completeness. We have also published Jonson's "Timber" and Dekker's "Gul's Hornbooke," and several other representative volumes, not only of Elizabethan work, but of the Jacobean period as well.

What is more to the point, however, is the sale of these particular books. Mr. Chapman's letter seems to answer the article very completely. Alas! it is not the publishers who are wanting, but the fact that there are not enough readers to sustain editions of these books, however cheaply they may be produced. In fact, from our experience, we find it is easier to sustain interest in classics like Plato, Aristotle, and even the Greek dramatists, than in our own choice Elizabethan literature, except, of course, in Shakespeare. Even literature which is more familiar to the times, like the work of the eighteenth-century novelists, such as Fielding, Goldsmith, Sterne, etc., hardly has enough buyers to enable us to keep the books in stock. For instance, it is impossible to keep in stock a complete set of Defoe's works without considerable loss, and none of his writing is known to the general public outside of "Robinson Crusoe," although he is perhaps the greatest of all the realists. The fact is that the existence of such literature is hardly known at all, in spite of the cheap editions, and I think the reason must lie in the fact that these authors are not brought before the ordinary scholar in school and college, much to the public loss. But how can you wonder at this, when it is only during the last decade that we have had a Professor of English Literature at Cambridge, while the Oxford appointment is also of comparatively recent date?

However, I am in no way daunted by the slow sale of these productions, and, for my part, am determined that the publisher shall not be to blame if the books are not ready for students who desire them.

Yours faithfully,

J. M. DENT.

[We made inquiries a few days ago at Messrs. Dent's for North's Plutarch, and the reply was that it is out of print.—ED.]

### DEATH-MASKS

To the Editor of THE ATHENÆUM.

SIR.—It is discouraging to find that a correspondent as serious as H. M. should make mention of Dr. Wislicenus's book that bolsters up the pseudo—"Shakespeare Death-Mask" when discussing the authentic masks to which he alludes. Anyone who has examined for himself the "story" of this Kesselstadt relic—which was not at Kesselstadt when claimed, but was found later in a broker's rag-shop at Mainz—and has tested the statements put forth step by step, will see that the whole case for it is based on mere conjecture and on a series of inaccuracies of the kind which we associate with the more

barefaced impostures that go, notwithstanding, by the name of "Shakespeare portraits." If he has not the time to investigate for himself, let him read the *exposé* in the *Morning Post* (May 12, 1912) and the *Westminster Gazette* (August 26, 1912) in reply to Dr. Wislicenus and in the "Encyclopaedia Britannica" (article "Portraits of Shakespeare"). If he is not yet convinced of the spuriousness of the relic as far as Shakespeare is concerned, let him then read the article by Dr. Brandl in the "Jahrbuch" of the Shakespeare Gesellschaft, wherein the President politely makes mincemeat of his rash compatriot and of his claim.

This article of portable property has been on offer by the Beckers for many years for a very large sum, but no one yet has been tempted—and no wonder; how anyone can accept such a story is a mystery. It is true that Sir Richard Owen believed in it "straight off," as he believed in the "D'Avenant bust" of Shakespeare and in other equally unsubstantiated and intercontradictory portraits. The only incontrovertible piece of evidence produced has not necessarily anything to do with Shakespeare—it is the inscription "+ A° Dm 1616" on the back of the mask, which, *if contemporary* (which nobody has proved or could prove), only testifies that the gentleman from whom it was taken died, presumably on the Continent of Europe, in 1616.

I am, Sir,

The Athenæum,  
August 12, 1919.

Your obedient servant,

M. H. S.

### SLANG IN WAR-TIME

To the Editor of THE ATHENÆUM.

SIR.—May I add a few further examples of army slang? "Burgoo," porridge.

"Posh," fine, new; almost always with regard to clothes. To "posh up" was to make oneself look as smart as possible. This was often preparatory to going "square-pushing"—Tommy's invariable phrase for the pursuit of the other sex.

"Dough" denotes money, but more especially the weekly pay.

"His ears went back with a click." This phrase is obviously derived from the click of the heels, smartness as to which was ever the hall-mark of the perfect soldier. This strange phenomenon was usually observed on the receipt of news of peculiarly joyful import. The announcement of a rum ration almost invariably produced it.

While "in dock" (*i.e.* in hospital) one lay upon "biscuits." These were the paliasses—square in form and brown as to colour—of which three went to each bed. But they were never so hard as the army biscuits proper.

Our army in Italy always spoke of the Italians as the "Itis" (pronounced "Eye-ties"). And our forces in Mesopotamia were similarly known as the "Messpots."

ARTHUR R. GROVES.

To the Editor of THE ATHENÆUM.

SIR.—"Fed up" is at least twenty years old. It is a translation, or version, of the much older French "j'en ai soupé," the meaning of which is identical.—Yours, &c., NAMPORT KEY.

### ON READING

To the Editor of THE ATHENÆUM.

DEAR SIR.—Probably a very large number of your readers are, like myself, amateurs of literature and music, and engaged for the greater part of their waking hours in some trade. I look forward to your issue each week, and the many lively interests that it creates in me have made me wonder if an exchange of ideas on reading as a hobby would be profitable. There seems to be so much that one ought to have acquaintance with, and so little free time in which to make that acquaintance.

If one's reading is totally different from one's work, it has a fair opportunity of being done with interest. But one friend of mine, who has held an M.A. degree in literature for many years, states that if he reads two or three books concurrently, his brain remains fresher. For example, at one time he was reading one of Professor Dougall's psychological works, Dante's "Inferno" (in Italian), and "Anna Karenina." My plan would probably have been to read each one separately to the end before starting another. Some years ago "The

"Wealth of Nations" occupied all my spare time for eight months! (It happens that I am much interested in that subject, and fortunately every book I want to read is not of that closeness and length.)

I find I cannot read more than two or three books (say three weeks' spare time) on one subject without wishing to change. Is it wise to try? The discipline of application may be good, but it does not follow that one remembers as much.

I like novels very well, but do not find them the most interesting of any form of literature, usually because, I think, there is a certain amount of "padding" and of similarity. On the surface they might seem the most entertaining of books. Taken alone, it is quite possible they are most boring. Your valued contributor K. M. has not the easiest of tasks.

A student giving his whole time to any branch of art or science can no doubt specialize for successive weeks on one type of book. He has time to afford a decline in interest. I should like to know if other amateurs find they profit most from reading anything in any order at any time, just as their interest happens to spring up

Yours, &c., J. A. H.

### SPIRITUALISM

To the Editor of THE ATHENÆUM.

SIR.—The article in your issue for August 15 on "The Sceptic and the Spirits," in which reference is made to the late Lord Rayleigh's somewhat inconclusive experiences with spiritualistic phenomena, suggests a simple, but I think practical, test of the reality of such manifestations.

From Sir Oliver Lodge's recent book, it would appear that the spirit of Raymond was able to recognize and comment upon a photograph which was placed within its view. It would seem, therefore, that a spirit is gifted with a power corresponding with physical sight; and this being so, I would suggest, as an absolutely conclusive test, that the spirit should be asked to give by automatic writing, or by any other means, a few lines from the open page of a book placed within the room, *but unseen by any person present*. By this means, any theory of telepathy or fraud would be entirely eliminated.

I should be greatly interested to hear from any of your spiritualistic readers (1) whether my assumption of the spirit's possession of a power corresponding to normal sight is justified, and (2) whether there are any reasons, physical or psychical, against the application of such a test as I have suggested above.

I am, Sir,  
Yours obediently,  
H. J. AYLIFFE.

36, Fawnbrake Avenue,  
Herne Hill, S.E. 24,  
August 16, 1919.

### FRITH'S "DERBY DAY"

To the Editor of THE ATHENÆUM.

SIR.—Mr. Joseph Banister's letter (ATHENÆUM, Aug. 15, p. 760) raises some vital points. The fact that "Derby Day" attracts as strongly now as it did half a century since is evidence that it stirs emotion in people who are interested in pictures to the extent of visiting galleries. Mr. Banister believes that the attraction is not in the "story" alone, and he is probably right; for such executive skill and such character-rendering as Frith displayed is "what the people want." The adjoining Whistler did not attract, it seems. But then it never did effect a popular attraction. Whistler was too advanced for a Bank Holiday crowd when he lived; and to-day his work presents no novelty. Whistler was great because he did pioneer work in revealing beauties of natural effect. To-day any accomplished landscapist can do the same. Whistler could no more have painted "Derby Day" than Frith could have painted a Nocturne. Both artists had their shortcomings; yet both possessed the sterling merit of naturalism.

All the points raised by Mr. Banister's letter are discussed in "The Appeal of the Picture," by F. C. Tilney, wherein "Derby Day" is dealt with at some length. The author affirms that posterity is the arbiter of reputations. If this is true Frith's reputation is still growing, in spite of his detractors. In painting that is firmly founded on naturalism there is always more and more for the spectator to grow to. Whistler's works are now being sorted out by posterity by that very process. His finest achievements were the subtle renderings of naturalistic effects. Such modern painting

as goes by the name of Post-Impressionism, etc., openly abjures naturalism; and yet the critics, with scarcely an exception, persist in lauding these reactionary attempts that lack the very beginnings of skill; and this lauding is done to the exclusion of the good naturalistic work that is still produced. Do the critics really suppose that Post-Impressionist things will attract admiring crowds half a century hence?

Duffield, Derbyshire.

Yours faithfully,

W. R. BLAND.

### A BARBLESS ARROW

To the Editor of THE ATHENÆUM.

SIR.—Fair adverse criticism is a wholesome tonic; but misrepresentation—?

The notice under the above heading (August 8), though short, contains the following:—

(1) *Suggestio veri.*

The work in question is based on a careful comparison of the Hebrew, Samaritan, and Greek texts of the Pentateuch. The review omits all mention of the Samaritan, and treats the book as if it were nothing but an attack on the Greek.

(2) *Suggestio falsi.*

That comparison is a purely critical inquiry as to the true text, and nowhere touches the question of Inspiration of any sort. The review suggests that it is "in the interests of the old theory of verbal inspiration."

(3) An "inexactitude."

The comparison is limited to the Pentateuch because only there is the Samaritan available; pp. 46-65 discuss a large number of variations in the Greek which are shown to be wrong by the evidence of the Samaritan; and these cases are only samples from a much longer list (see the Prefatory note). The review says: "He concentrates attention upon the Pentateuch, cleverly selects one or two cases where the Greek version is inferior . . ."

(4) A blunder as to fact.

The review asserts that "the so-called Massoretic Hebrew or official Jewish text . . . is not earlier than the ninth century A.D." That is the date assigned to the earliest known manuscript, but it is admitted on all hands that the text is considerably older, even hostile critics putting it at not later than the third-century.

Poisoned arrows are more reprehensible than those without a barb.

Yours faithfully,  
A. H. FINN.

52, Lodge Road, West Croydon,  
August 16, 1919.

### SONNETS

To the Editor of THE ATHENÆUM.

SIR.—It would be interesting to know exactly what the reviewer of Mr. F. E. Scarborough's "Sonnets and Other Poems," in your issue of July 25, means by saying, "Mr. Scarborough's sonnets ignore the break between octave and sestet, and are merely fourteen-lined poems." I have not as yet read the sonnets in question, and cannot therefore determine how far your reviewer's estimate may be correct, but the criticism certainly cannot rest on the grounds he lays down in the above sentence. Wordsworth constantly ignores the break, and this in some of his finest sonnets; e.g., in one of the most famous of all, "Surprised by joy, impatient as the wind." I am not aware that any critic has ventured to dismiss these sonnets of Wordsworth and of many later writers (Mrs. Browning, for instance, "Sonnets from the Portuguese," i, ii, iii, v, vi, vii, ix, x, &c.) as "merely fourteen-lined poems."

I am, &c.,

N. H. ROMANES.

The Hall, Old Malton, Yorkshire.

An interesting departure at the concerts of the Philharmonic Society will be the first appearance of the newly-formed Philharmonic Choir, of which Mr. Kennedy Scott is the conductor. It will sing in the Ninth Symphony of Beethoven under Mr. Coates on February 26, and under Mr. Kennedy Scott, in a British programme, on March 25. Delius's Violin Concerto will be repeated.

## Foreign Literature

### ALEXANDRE DUMAS PÈRE

DUMAS, the author of "Monte Cristo" and "The Three Musketeers," is known to all the civilized world. Into how many languages has "The Count of Monte Cristo" been translated? Many believe that the lovely island which bounds with its serrated peaks the expanse of the Tyrrhene Sea has derived its name from the book, and that the King and Queen of Italy go to shoot moufflons in the corries of a romance. That Dumas is the prince of modern novelists; that he is greater than Walter Scott, a rival to Balzac; that he has fancy, wit, a caressing style, and a penetrating insight into the most complicated and subtle folds of human character, is known to few, because they have not read the works in which these qualities are revealed. We may doubt whether he was conscious himself of where his strength lay. He began as a writer of plays. The success of "Henri III." gave him more pleasure than any succeeding triumph; the persecutions which beset "Anthony" were as savoury as laudation would have been. He won his position as a novelist almost by accident, following the imperious bent of a genius which for a long time concealed not only its origin, but its course.

Dumas has suffered from being a master of Historical Romance. He is supposed to have kept a workshop like the *bottega* of Perugino or the *Seminar* of a German Professor. A number of assistants would write portions of history from given books, strictly according to order; then the Master came, gave the touch of genius, and the work took its place among the immortals. What we know of Dumas' methods of composition does not support this idea. He would miss his train at a French village, call for paper, pen and ink, and, as with Byron at Ouchy, before daybreak the novel was half finished or the play entirely written. Ghosts are common enough in all art. In the Entrance Book of the Record Office the name of Carlyle stands next to that of his German spectre. Carlyle once spent half-an-hour there, no more, because it made his head ache. The Ghost produced pages of erudition which his employer used and then abused. The old French hack said to Gautier: "Est-ce que j'ai fait du bon Théo ce matin?" without a blush on the cheek of either. To many German Histories the pupils supply the erudition, the Professor the pedantry. When shall we deuteonize that science and learn to follow French guides?

Since the beginning of this year the present writer has spent his leisure hours in reading the volumes of Dumas which he did not know before. His lending library contains over a hundred works of that author, and of these he has read about seventy or eighty, each with increasing pleasure. Calmann-Lévy's catalogue exhibits over 250 volumes of Dumas Père, including 25 of plays, but most of them are out of print. "La Tulipe Noire" is well known to English readers, but it is by no means the best. The history is dragged in, and the psychology is weak. Do Englishmen know "Amaury," an excellent novel founded on medical research, to which for a time Dumas was devoted? Do they know "Georges," a masterpiece, in which Dumas' mulatto father supplies the hero and Mauritius the scenery? Have they read "Le Trou d'Enfer"? a German story like "Anne of Geierstein," which shows that our author could be as much at home in a *Vehmgericht* as on a boulevard. "Catharine Blum" is a charming tale for young misses, while "Le Père la Ruine" is a terrible tragedy, full of tenderness and poetry, incidentally throwing a lurid light on the sufferings caused by the restoration of the Bourbons.

Then there are the Animal Stories, "Mes Bêtes" and the like, which show that the tender-hearted master knew all about the psychology of dogs and monkeys, and especially of cats, and in this respect is a rival of Rudyard Kipling.

His historical novels are among the few which an historian can read with pleasure. He is more accurate in detail than Scott, but like him is unrivalled in reproducing the atmosphere of the age. His *Froissart* and *De Comines* novels are skipworthy, but when he comes to *Catharine de Medici* and *Henri Quatre* he is a magician. His analysis of the mentality of that much misunderstood sovereign, Charles IX., has never been equalled. The French Revolution series is too long, and probably owes much to *Ghosts*; many pages may be turned over rapidly. Italian translations of these abound in Roman street-barrows; who that knows French can endure an Italian translation? The *carillon* of Dumas is inimitable. His writings are distinguished by their manliness, their purity, and elevation of tone. There is not a particle of lubricity, even when the subject makes it almost impossible to avoid it. He says himself that out of a hundred works there are only two which a mother might hesitate to place in her daughter's hands. I do not know which they are; I have never come across them. The French would have a better literature if they had followed the father rather than the son.

We plead therefore for a stronger interest in Dumas Père, and for an effort to place him on the pedestal on which he deserves to stand. His was a noble nature. He was never jealous of his contemporaries, and valued his son far more than himself. Messrs. Methuen began some time ago a translation of Dumas' novels, but it is hopeless to translate the untranslatable. Perhaps Messrs. Nelson will publish the whole of Dumas' works in shilling volumes. In that way an old man may look forward to possessing a set of books which will secure him against ever having a gloomy hour, and protect him against the insidious inroads of a dull old age.

OSCAR BROWNING.

## HEBBEL

HEBBEL : SA PERSONNALITÉ ET SON ŒUVRE LYRIQUE. Par Louis Brun, Docteur ès lettres. (Paris, Félix Alcan, 16fr. 50.)

THE tendency to specialization, and, within the special subjects, to a more and more complete reliance on the analytical method, is characteristic of scientific research in the twentieth century. The accumulation of observed facts has outgrown in all directions the framework of earlier interpretations, and if the need of a fresh synthesis is vaguely felt, the utility of the present methods in the absence of such a synthesis is not seriously questioned. It is not our business to inquire here as to the probable results of this exploration without a clue of the infinite and menacing labyrinth of facts; our immediate concern is with the transference of the analytical method to literary criticism. We are indebted probably to Germany—to Lessing, the Schlegels, Tieck—for the very existence of literary criticism in the sense in which it developed during the nineteenth century; that is, as a judgment based on the organic necessity, the structural harmony of the literary work, rather than on an arbitrary standard of merit deduced from the formal characteristics of earlier literatures. In this distinction lies the fundamental difference of standpoint between classical and romantic criticism. French critics developed the new principle in accordance with the growing spirit of exactitude of their age by bringing to bear upon literary productions and their creators the results of research into the racial, historical, and social conditions in which they existed. The main school of literary criticism from Sainte-Beuve to Brunetière has

worked on these lines with marked success, that is to say, with progress towards a fuller and more liberal understanding of literature. But another school of criticism has long existed, which goes to work in a different way. It investigates its subject in a spirit of rigorous analysis. Given a literary work, it aims at collecting the greatest possible number of facts relevant to its production, and at providing the most exhaustive possible analysis of the work itself. It would seem that nothing escapes it, unless it be the very spirit of art.

Dr. Louis Brun's work on Hebbel is the immediate occasion of the above remarks; it is a notable sample of the latter school of criticism, and the title of his book is somewhat misleading. Materials for the study of Hebbel's personality and lyrical work are present in abundance, and there is no lack of ingenious and telling remarks; but the materials lie there rather heavily, however neatly classified and labelled, and no clear presentation of Hebbel or his work emerges from their proximity and order. In justice to Dr. Brun we should notice that he appears uneasy on this very point, though in our opinion he allows himself to be reassured too lightly (cf. "Introduction," p. viii, and "Conclusion," chap. i.). The 23 pages in which, turning at last resolutely from analysis to synthesis, he disposes of "*l'Homme et l'Œuvre*," appear no more effective than the exceedingly flimsy tail of an exceptionally clumsy kite. That, as he says, he has brought a "*préoccupation de synthèse*" to each step of his analysis distinguishes Dr. Brun from the host of crude commentators whose "*Inaugural-Dissertationen*" and the like have cumbered of late years the fairest walks of literature; but we think that his book, even with this advantage, and in spite of its culture, scholarship, and not infrequent pleasant Gallic vivacity, must stand, in respect to Hebbel's personality and works, as no more than a footnote, learned and long—it runs to 840 pages, exclusive of bibliographies and index—to R. M. Werner's stimulating, though by no means definitive, "*Lebensbild*" of Hebbel.

Apart from the question of method, there is an initial defect in Dr. Brun's undertaking, in so far as it purports to be a study of Hebbel's personality. The lyrics alone are seriously examined; and though the question of Hebbel's superiority as a lyric or a dramatic poet may still exercise the critics, it will hardly be denied that his personality is intimately bound up with his dramatic genius. And it is significant for the quality of the latter, that in his plays the knotty concentration and involution that characterize much of his lyric poetry appear on the wider canvas as intensity by no means incompatible with richness and even suavity.

When the "not impossible" writer of Hebbel's definitive biography sets to work, he will be confronted with a heavy task indeed if he undertakes to examine all that has been written about Hebbel (*v. Dr. Brun's "Bibliographie" and "Bibliographie Complémentaire"*); but his theme will be inspiring. Christian Friedrich Hebbel combined qualities not commonly found in association, and calculated to ensure their possessor an intense, and a tormented, existence. With a clear vision of his destiny as a poet, he was faced from the start by an adverse conjunction of circumstances and personal characteristics. Until his thirty-third year he experienced bitter poverty; all but the rudiments of education (if we except a course of lectures on law at Heidelberg) he had to acquire unassisted; the *lacuna* incident to self-tuition appear curiously from time to time, as perhaps in his disappointment on visiting Pompeii to find it open to the sunlight, instead of being, as he imagined, a buried city, with mysterious painted ways for ever dark save at the flicker of the explorer's torch. With an imaginative grasp of man's dignity and responsibility, he had to meet the claims of an unusually sensual temperament; and the degree

in which he combined creative faculty with the metaphysically speculative mind was an abundant source of conflict and suffering. From his twenty-second to his thirty-third year his will drove its unruly team undaunted over the roughest ways, and ever towards his goal; for so long, by infinite endurance, patience, and effort, he compelled destiny to afford him a bare subsistence. Then, by a whimsical turn, grim Fate gives place to smiling Fortune, heralded by two enthusiastic Galician barons, who discover him when he is on the eve of leaving Vienna defeated, all but crushed. As though he were a beautiful and precious idol, these exotic noblemen adore the author of "*Judith*" and "*Genoveva*"; they feast him and clothe him and lodge him splendidly. All this is but a prelude to his marriage with the actress Christine Enghaus, lovely, intelligent, celebrated, and—*ce qui ne gâtait rien*—rich. The years that succeed, till his death at the age of fifty, are a period of ease, happiness, and creative work.

However widely dissimilar Shelley and Hebbel may be in other respects, there is a curious parallelism between Harriet and Mary, Elise and Christine, in their relation to the poets' destiny. It is as though the World-Dramatist had repeated his problem-play in a more developed and agreeable form, seeing that everybody was so stupidly puzzled by the Harriet-Shelley version. Elise Lensing is certainly a vast improvement on Harriet Grove. For Hebbel, twenty-three years old, newly delivered from his long bondage to the petty functionary of Wesselburen, shy, proud and inexperienced, Elise was at once an angel of intelligent sympathy, and a Minerva primed with the etiquette and usages of the great, the patronizingly friendly world of Hamburg; that she was past the freshness of youth and not beautiful might be considered almost an advantage to her in these rôles. But what was grateful friendship on Hebbel's side was devoted love on Elise's. Hebbel, once his life had escaped the narrow Wesselburen prison, was fated to grow immeasurably, and incidentally, past Elise's understanding. The bond that held him to Elise weighed heavily on the man who was fighting to the death with circumstance. "This loveless relation . . . like a pall it has spread over my life for nearly ten years." But when he wrote this he was in a mood least conducive to gratitude, or even justice, towards the old relations and circumstances, on the point of breaking with them for ever. He had never loved Elise in the sense which their relation demanded, but he had venerated her and held her in warm affection. In a moment of overwhelming grief and pity, on receiving the news of their child's death, he had written to Elise from Paris, suggesting that she should join him there and that they should marry; but Elise deferred her decision, and meanwhile he had taken into consideration the impossibility of meeting the expenses of a joint household out of the slender funds of his travelling-scholarship. He stood now between the two women who presented in almost infinite complexity the necessity of choice. Christine drew him by her youth, her beauty, her genius, their mutual love—a dazzling array of attractions on that side, if right might be found there too. Elise, past forty now, with a worn temper, was a figure of sorrow, by force of circumstances of reproach also, her claim gaining urgency by its very want of charm. As we know, he married Christine. Hebbel's decisive letters to Elise have unfortunately been destroyed, leaving a blank at the crucial moment of the drama. So far as man's actions can be tested by results, Hebbel's decision was justified. To the happiness of his life with Christine was added the reconciliation with Elise; and—remembering that Genoveva and Elise bore a symbolic relation in his mind—we find in the "*Nachspiel*" to his tragedy of "*Genoveva*," added at this time, a reflection of the peace of mind which followed upon his solution of the tragic problem.

F. W. S.

## THE PROSE LANCELOT

ÉTUDE SUR LE LANCELOT EN PROSE. Par Ferdinand Lot. (Paris Champion. 27fr.)

THE publication of Dr. Sommer's "Vulgata Version of the Arthurian Romances" was certain to stimulate a fresh access of discussion of the subject as a whole. That subject is so huge that even lifelong students of it, if they are of the right mould, cannot consider that "their siege is done." We are glad to welcome this goodly volume of M. and Mme. Lot's (for two interesting appendices are the work of the lady otherwise known as Mlle. Borodine). There is much in it which wise Arthurians, or Arthurists, who differ with a good deal of the remainder, may very heartily accept. The restoration, as we may almost call it, of Lancelot as the real hero of the whole; the vigorous assertion of singleness of authorship of the main story throughout, from the Graal beginning to the "dolorous death of them all"; the recognition of the poetic and romantic value of the spirit, with not a few of the subordinate views and arguments by which these general conclusions are supported, are things very welcome indeed to students who have independently arrived at them long ago. The book is, in this positive and constructive part of it, certainly the best, as it is the fullest, companion to study of the *Arthuriad* that has appeared in a single volume.

One wishes that it were possible to say nothing more; and nothing that will be said is intended to discount the praise. It may still be added to the credit side that the book contains a most careful and, as we may venture to warrant, a really satisfactory abstract of the whole (that of Paulin Paris, hitherto the best and to be returned to presently, is not continuously exhaustive), and that the three full-page illustrations from MSS.—the immortal first kiss of Lancelot and the Queen, the Round Table at the advent of the Graal, and the adoration of the Holy Vessel by Galahad, Perceval, and Bors—are very acceptable. Unfortunately the *lues scholastica*, or *scholastica*, does too often deform with its usual blotches this agreeable provision of matter. The worst of these, as the most usual, are the perpetual "heaving of half-bricks" at predecessors, and the everlasting fallacy of taking things as "proved," "established," "known," and what not, when they are still merely questions of unsettled opinion, though such opinion as there is may have changed recently. The impossibility which so many learned persons seem to feel, of confining their observations to the book or books which they are discussing without bringing in all the people who have discussed it or them already, is a really marvellous thing. This volume practically opens with one of the now usual sneers at Paulin Paris, than whom no single scholar ever deserved, in his day or generation, better of the subject. His son, though he is of necessity often cited with approval, does not escape the cavils which all who "follow not us" (or whom "we do not follow") receive. Dr. Sommer's work, though his own limitation of object is specified, presents "gross defects." Louis Moland's reflections are "disconcerting and negligible to boot." Brugger is "fantastic"; Jonckbloet, "comic." Douglas Bruce is by turns "patted on the head and kicked in the ribs," like Mr. Kipling's dog. Poor Miss Weston, after receiving not a few favourable citations, is told that she "compromises herself by useless exaggerations"; that "nothing authorizes her" to say something; and that she is one of the "folk-lorists for whom no poet has talent or imagination." After these things one feels thankful for, but a little surprised at, an early note to the effect that M. Lot has decided "not to waste time in polemics."

We, on the other hand, will venture a little polemic ourselves, but polemic couched in language different

from the above-quoted remarks. M. and Mme. Lot are certain that Walter Map's authorship of the "Lancelot" has been completely disproved, and that the following of Chrestien's "Charette" by the prose romancer, and not *vice versa*, has been absolutely established. On both these points it is possible to differ, though "most politely," with them. In at least one of these cases no wise student, it is true, would be equally positive on the other side. The evidence that Map was the author is anything but strong; the evidence that he was not—to anyone who knows what "evidence" is—may seem simply nonexistent, and the presumptions (for such they really are) advanced against him may seem pretty weak. To take one instance only. M. Lot gives a long list of English place-names which he thinks no Englishman, Map or another, could have written. One of these is "Hongrefort." May the present writer observe that he drove through Hongrefort, under its tolerably transparent alias of "Hungerford," about a fortnight ago, and that to his equally certain and personal knowledge the place existed at least fifty-five years earlier, not to mention historical testimony for any number of centuries earlier still? If some other places are more disguised, it should surely be matter of common knowledge that transliteration of English surnames and place-names into French, which was certainly the language of the original, has always been largely, and was in the Middle Ages utterly, fantastic. Nor, on any reasonable hypothesis, need all the places named be real.

As for the "Charette" controversy, Mme. Lot-Borodine's paper is a most interesting one, excellently written, and full of enthusiasm for both her texts. Unfortunately, most of her arguments are susceptible of "retorsion" in detail, and even if they were not, the matter finally reduces itself to an irreconcilable conflict of expert opinion. Some of us, while admitting the presence, in at least one version of the story, of "amour fatal," of passion "partly mystical, partly sensual," find these things present in the prose eminently, and wholly or mostly absent in the verse. And not to repeat arguments which have been advanced elsewhere, one may ask any person who comes to the question with an impartial mind and some knowledge of literature at large to compare not merely the two "Charets," but the two "Percevals," Chrestien's and Wolfram von Eschenbach's. It will go hard but he will find just the same contrast of tone in both pairs, and will see that this contrast results from the essential quality of Chrestien's tone and treatment. *Sed hæc hactenus.*

The over-positiveness which mars an otherwise excellent book could be instanced in many other places of it. We agree heartily with the assignment of the main *story* throughout to a single writer—the questions who he was, of what nationality and of what date being quite subordinate. But M. Lot has thought it necessary to support this opinion against separatists by a most unnecessary, and one may think rather dangerous, attribution of almost the whole huge *text* to this single original. And he actually bases upon it admissions of fault—in repetition especially, but not only. Now some who have held the theory of the unity of the main authorship for forty years and more cannot bring themselves to be "whole-hoggers" to this extent, and therefore are not obliged to throw upon the unknown master this gratuitous discredit. They know too well how the mediæval continuator and copyist "would still be doing," and how deficient in originality his "doings" usually were.

But enough of hole-picking, which has indeed only been resorted to in order to show that the critic is neither ignorant of his subject, nor careless of the actual substance of the book. It should be a most useful book to any student who will read it as a student should—that is to

say, neither taking its views for gospel nor regarding them as something to be differed with in order to show his own originality. The very pugnacity which has been deplored shows what pains M. Lot has taken to acquaint himself with the literature of his subject; and it certainly cannot, as it can too often, be said that he has, for the literature of the subject, neglected that subject itself. He has shown, as too few writers of his class show, real literary appreciation and enthusiasm; while such faults as his work has may in part be excused, as arising from these same good qualities.

GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

**LA SAGRA DI SANTA GORIZIA.** Da Vittorio Locchi. (Milano, "L'Eroica." 3 lire.)—The popularity of this poem by Vittorio Locchi is easily understood, for it is entirely free from the far-fetched allusions of D'Annunzio or the subtleties of Sem Benelli, and is written with a simplicity which does not attempt to draw upon the Middle Ages for its vocabulary. In fact, there is nothing merely literary about it. Locchi feels that the events of which he tells are too great for conscious artifice; only by absolute simplicity can he hope not to sink immeasurably below them. But his simplicity is not studied: it is natural to him. Hence "La Sagra di Santa Gorizia" seems to us to come nearer to the soldier in the trenches, so far as one who did not serve may presume to judge, than the work of his better-known brethren. We have only to read his simple description of the coming of the spring that was to see the failure of the Austrian advance in the Trentino followed by the fall of Gorizia to realize that he is poles apart from D'Annunzio:

Mise la testolina  
tutta piena di margherite  
dentro tutti i ripari,  
dentro tutte le trincere  
e disse! "O ragazzi,  
ragazzi miei . . .  
suona la sveglia del sole."

When he attempts something in the D'Annunzian or Benellian manner and seeks to show us the Carso as an agape of which the Italians are to partake, he is far less successful. Yet there is nothing individualistic in his outlook. It is Italy's war in which the individual must sacrifice himself, as Locchi was ready to do, for he went down on a torpedoed troopship in the Mediterranean, and his early death was a loss to Italian letters.

To our mind the irregular measures dear to many of our young poets of to-day would have given the effect of the original better than the metre of the "Kalevala," used by Longfellow for "Hiawatha," which Signora de' Lucchi has chosen for her translation. The edition is worthy of the traditions of "L'Eroica," and is illustrated with its well-known woodcuts.

**THE SCHOOL OF LIBRARIANSHIP** recently instituted by the University of London at University College will begin its work on October 1. It will be formally opened by the Director and Principal Librarian of the British Museum, Sir F. G. Kenyon, on Wednesday, October 8, at 5. The director of the school is Dr. E. A. Baker. The following appointments to the staff of the school have been made:

Bibliography, Mr. Arundell Esdaile (British Museum Library); cataloguing and library routine, Mr. W. R. B. Prideaux (Reform Club Library); classification, Mr. W. C. Berwick Sayers (Croydon Public Libraries); public library law, Mr. H. West Fovargue (hon. solicitor, Library Association); library organization, Mr. B. M. Headicar (British Library of Political Science); literary history, Dr. R. W. Chambers (University College Library); literary history and book selection, Dr. E. A. Baker; palaeography and archives, Mr. Hilary Jenkinson, F.S.A. (Public Record Office); and assistant to the director, Mr. L. F. Newcombe.

## A DOMESTICATED POET

**LA MESSE LÀ-BAS.** Par Paul Claudel. (Paris, Nouvelle Revue Française. 5fr. 25.)

**L'OURS ET LA LUNE.** (Same author, publishers, and price.)

**I**N his admirable essay on Rimbaud, M. Claudel described the author of the "Saison en Enfer" as a mystic "dans l'état sauvage." M. Claudel himself might be called a tame mystic, thoroughly domesticated by the Roman Catholic Church; tame by nature, and incapable of that terrible indignation, that violence of feeling which inspired the work of Rimbaud; tame and reasonable, possessing a mind which moves like the mind of ordinary pedestrian folk, by little, slow, logical steps, and not, as Rimbaud's moved, by great leaps of intuition across the unknown. The fact is that a tame mystic is not really a mystic at all. By definition the mystic is wild and unlike other men; he sees and feels the truth where other men only arrive at it by reflection; he is not confined by the limitations which hedge in the ordinary farmyard race of human beings. M. Claudel is not a mystic, but he is intellectually convinced of the truth and adequacy of mysticism; and having arrived by reflection at this belief, he feels that he himself would like to know the truth by immediate perception: he desires himself to be a seer. But seers are born, not made; when M. Claudel speaks the language of mysticism we cannot help feeling that he is speaking in terms of an experience which he himself has not known except through books and at second hand.

Second-handness, lack of the immediate vision and the urgent emotion—these are the negative qualities which strike us in "La Messe Là-bas." It was the reading of Rimbaud, M. Claudel has told us, that launched him on his literary and religious career. But how remote from Rimbaud are these slow-moving, deliberate poems of piety! and their remoteness is only accentuated by the stylistic resemblances to Rimbaud's work which we find in them. How remote from Rimbaud because remote from life! Rimbaud was always in immediate contact with life, quivering and sounding at its insistent touch. M. Claudel, in this volume, seems to be thinking about life and not experiencing it. He is a philosopher, Rimbaud essentially a poet. In earlier works, such as "Le Partage au Midi," M. Claudel came much nearer to life, touched and was shaken by it. Now, in "La Messe Là-bas," he has ceased to be lyrical and has become didactic. There is very little of poetry in a homily like this:

Celui qui, dégageant des choses temporelles ses sens et sa pensée,  
peu à peu  
Refait entre ses puissances l'unité se met en présence de Dieu . . .  
La fonction de tout être qui dans une autre volonté que la sienne  
se connaît créature, est de croire.  
Au delà de toute sensation comme au delà de toute connaissance,  
L'homme fait remise de lui-même totale à la chose dont il a reçu  
naissance.

It is a discourse on faith by a teacher. Those who read it may be strengthened and uplifted, but in any case the emotion they derive from it will not be anything like that sense of intoxicating surprise that poetry gives them.

"L'Ours et la Lune" is a farce for marionettes, a fantasy with a moral. The scene is laid in a dreamland—for literary men a most perilous spot haunted by every kind of sentimentality. But M. Claudel successfully avoids the dangers of the place, and though we have known fantasies that were more spontaneously fantastic, "L'Ours et la Lune" is an agreeable entertainment.

A. C. H.

# List of New Books

**Prepared in co-operation with the Library Association.**

The method of classification adopted is a series of groups roughly corresponding with the Dewey Decimal System, the sub-classes being indicated, for the benefit of librarians and others familiar with the system, by the class-numbers given at the end of each entry. The first numeral in these represents the main class, the second one of the subdivisions, and so on.

Those works in the List which appear most suitable for purchase by Public Library Authorities are marked with an asterisk.

## GENERAL WORKS.

### BIBLIOGRAPHY, ENCYCLOPÆDIAS, MAGAZINES, &c.

**Bonney (T. G.). ANNALS OF THE PHILOSOPHICAL CLUB OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY.** Macmillan, 1919. 9 in. 296 pp. index, 15/ n. 060

The club whose activities are here agreeably sketched by Dr. Bonney was founded in 1847 by a number of the more vigorous and rebellious members of the Royal Society. The F.R.S. was not in those days the title of honour it has since become. Snobbish considerations, apparently inseparable from any English organization, were allowed so much weight as to constitute an almost scandalous state of affairs. Some of the more rebellious spirits formed the Philosophical Club. Their meetings were devoted to discussing matters of interest to themselves, and, to the reader who has sufficient knowledge, these annals constitute an agreeable and informal history of scientific progress during the latter half of the nineteenth century.

## 100 PHILOSOPHY.

**Kellogg (Walter Guest). THE CONSCIENTIOUS OBJECTOR.** Introduction by Newton D. Baker. New York, Boni & Liveright, 1919. 7½ in. 141 pp. apps. 172.4

Major Kellogg was the chairman of the Board of Enquiry appointed in June, 1918, by the American Secretary of War, Mr. Baker (the writer of the introduction to the present volume), to look into the question of conscientious objection in the United States. In this little book he gives an interesting record of his experiences and a history of the methods of examination employed by his commission. The greatest number of American objectors were Mennonites, and Major Kellogg gives a curious account of their aloofness from the life of the world and their lack of interest in anything but the Bible. He came across Mennonites who had never heard of the "Lusitania" or Nurse Cavell, or Foch or Pershing. Molokans or Holy Jumpers, members of Daniel's Band, of the True Light, of the Koreshan Unity and other churches, were also among the objectors. The commission travelled from camp to camp examining objectors and endeavouring to sift the sincere from the insincere. Before he became a member of the commission Major Kellogg "firmly believed that they were, as a class, shirkers and cowards." But he was soon to change his opinions. He still disapproves of their views, but he has learned to respect them.

## 200 RELIGION.

**The Constructive Quarterly : a journal of the faith, work, and thought of Christendom.** Ed. by Silas McBee. Vol. 7, no. 26, June. Milford, 1919. 9½ in. 175 pp. paper, 3/ n. 205

The fascinating description of the great church of St. Sophia, the history of its building, and the sketch of the part it has played in ecclesiastical and secular affairs, by Louis Bréhier, make a strong appeal for rescuing the sacred pile from the contemptuous and defacing hands of the Turks. The Metropolitan of Kiev (whose article is translated by Vera Johnston) enlarges on the doctrine that "redemption and regeneration are the same," and that "only a man could transmit his own holiness to the hearts of other men." Prof. H. M. van Nes discourses on "Sound Doctrine and Living Dogma"; and Dr. Eugene Stock, in "Kikuyu Rediviva," reminds us that the fifty-seven bishops at Lambeth in 1908 conceded the whole point of the great controversy,

affirming that a man not episcopally ordained may administer the Holy Communion. "The Reconciliation of Freedom and Religion," by T. R. Glover, starts by pointing out the etymological contradiction between the word "religion" and the word "liberty," and ends with the saying, "Where the spirit of the Lord Jesus is, there is liberty." Other articles are on "Church Unity," "Moral Standards in Primitive Christianity," and "Richard Baxter."

**Harris (James Rendel). THE ORIGIN OF THE DOCTRINE OF THE TRINITY :** a popular exposition. Manchester, Univ. Press (Longmans), 1919. 9½ in. 41 pp. boards, 2/6 n. 231

The argument for the existence of an anti-Jewish collection of Old Testament prophecies, earlier than any of the New Testament writings, is here clearly presented. The second main contention, that Jesus was originally the Sophia of God, and only later, under Greek influence, became the Logos, is also attractively put forward. The centre of gravity, as it were, of Christian doctrine is shifted from the fourth to the first century. Whatever a critical examination may ultimately decide, this theory constitutes the most interesting addition that New Testament criticism has recently received.

**Knox (W. L.). FRIEND, I DO THEE NO WRONG.** Society of SS. Peter and Paul, 1919. 7½ in. 80 pp., 2/6 n. 252.4

See notice, p. 784.

## 300 SOCIOLOGY.

**Lapaire (Hugues). LE BESTIAIRE BERRICHON.** Moulins Allier, Les Cahiers du Centre, 1919. 7½ in. 56 pp. il. paper, 1 fr. 50. 398.2

There is a great quantity of literature dealing with animals, but very little of it is good. People will use the poor creatures to point moral lessons or make them the instruments of their own sentimentalities; they will write fables or histories of Black Beauty; they will do anything, in fact, except write of them as they should be written of. The authors of Berry, on whom M. Lapaire draws for his little Bestiary, are no exception to the rule. Deschamps, Latouche and Rollinat are sound pedestrian poets, but they entirely lack that mixture of humorous irony and sensibility necessary in a great animal writer. They are so marvellously clever, our brothers the beasts, and so ludicrously, pathetically stupid; they are so beautiful and so grotesque. The writer who can appreciate all these qualities to the full and give the suitable expression to his appreciation is no ordinary man. One has only to compare the "Histoires Naturelles" of Jules Renard with the extracts contained in this Bestiary of Berry to appreciate the difference between a writer born to be the poet of animals and those less rare spirits for whom the proper study is that duller, unamusing creature, man.

**Moulton (John Fletcher, Lord). SCIENCE AND WAR.** Cambridge, Univ. Press, 1919. 7 in. 59 pp., 2/6 n. 355

See review, p. 786.

**Society of Comparative Legislation and International Law. JOURNAL, Third Series, vol. 1, part 2.** Ed. by Sir John Macdonell and C. E. A. Bedwell. Society of Comparative Legislation, 1919. 9 in. 206 pp. index. 340.5

A very useful review of war-time legislation in the different regions of the British Empire and in France, Holland, Sweden and the United States. A faintly ironical introduction is contributed by Sir Courtenay Ilbert. Perhaps the most interesting legislation, to non-technical persons, is that of the United States. No persons who advocate the overthrow of the Government by force, or who believe in the destruction of property, are to be allowed to enter the United States. It would be interesting to know what tests are applied. The "duty to work" laws, in Maryland particularly, are unusual. A man may not be idle, whatever his income. If he does not already work, work is assigned to him by the Governor of the State. Hours and wages are those usual in the class of employment.

## 500 NATURAL SCIENCE.

**Elgie (Joseph H.). THE STARS NIGHT BY NIGHT.** Pearson, 1919. 7½ in. 247 pp. index, 1/6 n. 523.89

A description of the naked-eye stars visible month by month from January to December. The actual information could be packed into a much smaller compass; the author's attempt to beguile the learner's way with remarks on the

weather and by not very pertinent literary quotations does not strike us as successful.

**Saleeby (C. W.).** THE WHOLE ARMOUR OF MAN. Grant Richards, 1919. 7½ in. 397 pp., 7/6 n. 575.6  
See review, p. 786

## 700 FINE ARTS.

\***Burgess (Frederic W.).** ANTIQUE JEWELLERY AND TRINKETS ("The Home Connoisseur Series"). Routledge, 1919. 9 in. 414 pp. 142 il. index, 10/6 n. 736

Not for the specialist, but for the "home connoisseur," were these and his two previous volumes in this series written, Mr. Burgess explains. His method is certainly not scientific, for he starts with a chapter "In the Beginning," but interjects others on materials, the art, craftsmanship, and the guilds before he comes to prehistoric ornaments, which he deals with very perfunctorily. He is at his best on well-known museum specimens and the examples more or less within the modern collector's range, and furnishes a good deal of information on the general subject. The uncoloured photographic illustrations are clear and pleasing, but the actual size of the objects should have been mentioned underneath.

## 800 LITERATURE.

**Clemens (Samuel L.).** THE CURIOUS REPUBLIC OF GONDOUR; and other whimsical sketches ("Penguin Series"). New York, Boni & Liveright, 1919. 7½ in. 147 pp., \$1.25 n. 817.44

A reprint of sketches by "Mark Twain" which originally appeared in the *Galaxy* and the *Buffalo Express*.

**Field (Michael).** IN THE NAME OF TIME. Poetry Bookshop, 1919. 9 in. 93 pp. paper, 4/- n. 822.9

This poetical play, the last posthumous work of the two ladies who collaborated under the name of Michael Field, suffers from the defects which are the weakness of almost all modern poetical plays. It is too "poetical" to be a play (action, character and verisimilitude are swallowed up by the long poetic-philosophic speeches put into the mouths of the various actors), and not sufficiently poetical—without the inverted commas—to be the best sort of poetry. The hero of the play is Carloman, son of Charles Martel and brother to Pepin, the dethroner of Chilperic. He leaves the world to enter a monastery, and then, having arrived at a kind of Blake-cum-Bergson philosophy of life, and perceiving that an institution with "'thou shalt not' writ over the door" is contrary to nature and the true will of God, he breaks out again, only to be re-confined and to die. Occasionally the authors achieve a line or two of real beauty, as in the following quotation from Carloman's speech on his return, after years in the monastery, to the palace of his earlier days:

It is more terrible than nightmare—this  
Besieging of one's life by chairs and walls  
And memories.

But for the most part the blank verse runs, smooth and pleasant indeed, but rather sluggishly, through the meanders of a story, nominally Frankish, but belonging in fact to that dim time and place where the plots of all poetic plays are ravelled and duly resolved.

**Hearn (LaFadio).** KARMA [and other pieces]. New York, Boni & Liveright, 1918. 8 in. 163 pp. \$1.25 n. 814.5

Dating from 1884 to 1896, these four sketches are here collected in book-form for the first time, and camouflaged under the cover and title of a novel, according to a recent reprehensible practice. "Karma" is rather a fine story of a girl who acts the part of divine justice towards an erring lover. "A Ghost" is described by the editor—we cannot endorse his opinion—as "a beautiful prose-poem." "Bilal" is a short biography of the first muezzin of the Prophet. "China and the Western World" enforces Dr. Pearson's forecast of the Yellow Peril, and requires some annotation at a time when the conditions have altered so greatly.

**Lea (Gordon).** RECONSTRUCTION: a play in three acts. Cambridge, Heffer, 1919. 7½ in. 85 pp. boards, 3/6 n. 822.9

"Reconstruction" poses a "problem": a man marries a wife who goes mad; he cannot divorce her, and he is in love with somebody else; what should he do?—respect a law which is not only human, but also, as the Church would have us believe, divine? or disregard the law in the interests

of happiness? Ian Lanton and Lydia Shortte choose the latter alternative, and do a little private reconstruction of our bad and obsolete marriage laws. Mr. Lea's play is effective, and ought to make a good show on the stage, where characters like the new-rich Mrs. Shortte; Lydia, her dashing soldier-daughter; and Miss Caroline Lanton, who has something wrong with her Freudian censors and can't help giving utterance to her most secret thoughts—characters that are not wholly convincing and satisfying to a reader—could be made to live in the persons of competent players. We could have wished that Mr. Lea had made his mad woman refrain from singing little songs and sticking flowers in her hair. It is a rash thing to court comparison with Shakespeare.

\***Romania:** recueil trimestriel consacré à l'étude des langues et des littératures romanes. Publié par Mario Roques. Janvier, 1918—Janvier, 1919. Paris, Champion, 1919. 10 in. 160 pp. paper, 27fr. yearly. 805

M. Ferdinand Lot contributes the first of a series of studies on the Arthurian cycle, the present article dealing with the "Vita Merlini" of Geoffrey of Monmouth. Passages in Geoffrey of Monmouth's work are traced back through the "Etymologiae" of Isidore of Seville to Pliny's "Natural History," and the "Vita Merlini" is, M. Lot holds, itself the source of essential parts of Robert de Boron's "Merlin." M. Ernest Langlois throws some new light on the "Traité contre le Roman de la Rose" of Gerson. "La Voie de Povreté et de Richesse," by Jaques Bruyant, is a little-known allegorical poem, wholly characteristic, with its "swelen" or dream and its personifications of the vices and virtues, of the later Middle Ages. M. Arthur Längfors analyses the poem and quotes other works of this obscure author. M. Brunel contributes a grammatical article on the personal pronoun in old Provençal.

\***Schnitzler (Arthur).** ANATOL; LIVING HOURS; THE GREEN COCKATOO. Translated by Grace Isabel Colbron. Introduction by Ashley Dukes ("Modern Library," 32). New York, Boni & Liveright [1919]. 6½ in. 242 pp., 70c. n. 832.9

Some of the most attractive plays by the famous Viennese playwright. The type is clear, but the comparative lack of marginal space makes the edition less attractive than it would otherwise have been.

\***Shanks (Lewis Piaget).** ANATOLE FRANCE. Chicago, Open Court, 1919. 8½ in. 252 pp. \$1.50. 843.9

Expositor, guide, and commentator, this American critic has produced as useful an introduction to the writings of Anatole France as the little book by George Brandes, if not one so brilliant and quotable. The book is almost a mosaic, Mr. Shanks providing the matrix in which the self-revealing sentences of the master are fixed. "Le Livre de mon ami," and the novels in which M. Anatole France has portrayed his own successive avatars—Sylvestre Bonnard, M. Jérôme Coignard, M. Bergeret, and Dr. Trublet—make the task of recording his growth and the development of his sceptical philosophy comparatively easy. And there is no very stubborn enigma, though the author calls it "his final heroic inconsistency," in the fact that the ardent defender of Dreyfus and satirist of obscurantism did not follow the clerical reactionaries, on the one hand, or, on the other, the pacifists of the blindfold type, when the war fell upon Europe. In art, as well as in thought, Anatole France has left work to which mankind will return again and again; so Mr. Shanks confidently affirms.

**Trask (Katrina).** WITHOUT THE WALLS: a reading play. New York, Macmillan Co., 1919. 8 in. 196 pp., 6/- n. 812.5

"When a man loves he is always near to God," remarks the Roman who loves the Jewish maiden, in this love-and-faith drama of A.D. 33. It is not so crude in its identification of sexual and religious motives as "The Sign of the Cross," and some of the verses are taking.

## POETRY.

\***Aiken (Conrad).** THE CHARNEL ROSE: SENLIN, A BIOGRAPHY; and other poems. Boston, Mass., Four Seas Co., 1918. 8 in. 156 pp., \$1.25. 811.5

Compared with the last of Mr. Aiken's books noticed here, "Turns and Movies," the present is a great advance both in

expression and in content. There he was simply an exponent of the Imagist precepts; here he is a new and very original kind of poet, even though he awakes reminiscences now of Shelley and now of Keats, and of Whitman and Mallarmé. "The Charnel Rose" he compares to programme music. On a theme which "might be called nympholepsy—nympholepsy in a broad sense," he has built "a kind of absolute music." Its success depends on the reader's sympathy. Unless we let our own thought and emotion follow the poet's voyaging through strange fields of thought and vision, it must all seem vague, incoherent, and cryptic. Visions half caught seem to be characteristic of the half-finished metres called *vers libres*. But for the most part Mr. Aiken has advanced from *vers libres* to rhyming lines with syncopated rhythms that obey a metrical law of their own. "Senlin" is a finer work in the same genre, a biography of the "dark origins," the "futile preoccupations," and the "cloudy destiny" of man. It is full of passages of daringly imaginative beauty. There are also some fine pieces in the set called "Variations."

**Cronyn (George W.), ed.** THE PATH ON THE RAINBOW: an anthology of songs and chants from the Indians of North America. With introduction by Mary Austin. Afterword by Constance Lindsay Skinner. New York, Boni & Liveright, 1918. 8 in. 347 pp. il. 897

This anthology of Red Indian poetry comprises most of the fragments hitherto collected from the literature of an expiring race. All the pieces are interesting, as throwing light on the state of mind of a primitive people expressing itself in songs of religion, love and battle, or in such odd little lyrics of personal predilection as:

Maple sugar  
is the only thing  
that satisfies me;

but not many are intrinsically beautiful as poetry. We quote, as an example, these few lines from an Abanaki love lyric:—

There we will sit, on the beautiful mountain, and listen to the Thunder beating his drum.  
We will see the flashes from the lit pipe of the Lightning...  
There we will hear the great Owl sing his usual song: "Go-to-sleep-all."

... Then the Owl sleeps; no more is heard "go-to-sleep-all"; the Lightnings flash afar; the great pipe is going out; the Thunder ceases beating his drum; and though our bodies urge us to be sleeping, we sit in beauty still upon the shining mountain.

The Monthly Chapbook, no. 1, vol. 1, July: TWENTY-THREE NEW POEMS BY CONTEMPORARY POETS. Poetry Bookshop, 1919. 9 in. 32 pp. paper, 1/n. 821.9

See notice, p. 784.

**Squire (J. C.).** THE BIRDS; and other poems. Secker, [1919]. 8 in. 30 pp. paper, 2/n. 821.9

See review, p. 783.

#### FICTION.

**Atherton (Gertrude).** REZANOV ("Modern Library," 71). New York, Boni & Liveright [1919]. 6½ in. 255 pp. 70c. n. 813.5

A reprint of a novel first published in 1908. It is provided with an introduction by W. M. Reedy, who says: "'Rezanov' is a classic, or I miss my guess."

**Bernard (Tristan).** THE WOMAN ON THE TRAIL Adapted from the French by Edgar Jepson. Odhams [1919]. 7½ in. 288 pp., 6/n. 843.9

The scene is laid in Paris, and the story deals with murders, impersonation, forgery and Apaches. The "woman on the trail" is the wife of a detective, and it is owing to her acumen that her husband is eventually able to break up the gang of forgers. Many of the characters have well-defined personalities. There is a love interest, but it is secondary to the mystery, and the woman on the trail is so attractive that readers will be glad to meet her again in further adventures.

**Colwyn (John).** A CITY WITHOUT A CHURCH. Stockwell [1919]. 7½ in. 117 pp., 3/6 n.

An effective little story of a social, economic, and political revolution, by which the "means of production, distribution, and exchange" are taken out of private ownership, with the result that poverty is abolished, disease is diminished, and

improved material conditions make for the greater happiness of an unnamed community. But there is a fly in the ointment. By a drastic ordinance of the Revolutionary Committee, the practice of religion is forbidden, and all places of worship are closed. To those citizens who desire spiritual refreshment as well as material prosperity, this is productive of suffering and intense grief. Moreover, great moral laxity and an increase in juvenile delinquency become very noticeable. Ultimately the representatives of various religious bodies, which previously had been rivals rather than workers in co-operation, and had truckled to the wealthier classes, are allowed to hold a Convention, at which they decide upon a large measure of corporate union. The stern revolutionary edict is repealed, people who have thirsted for the higher things are left in peace, and the reformers are satisfied because their excellent arrangements for the ordinary requirements of civic life are undisturbed. Mr. Colwyn's book stimulates thought.

**Dell (Draycot M.).** CARRION ISLAND. Jarrolds, 1919. 7½ in. 248 pp. il., 6/n.

It is curious that Stevenson seems to exercise no influence over the average buccaneering novel, handing down not even his most obvious devices of stage-management. One hardly expects dexterous or individual effects from a novel made to supply a steady popular demand—or to foster demand by keeping up supply. It is a unit in an expected and disciplined procession, and "Treasure Island" might just as well have been a luxury food for the intellectuals. Still, "Carrion Island" has its points. If commonplace, it is not elaborated; if mechanical, and constructed more on the model of Stevenson's engine than Stevenson's fiction, it appears to keep fairly free of rust.

**Dreiser (Theodore).** FREE; and other stories. New York, Boni & Liveright, 1918. 8 in. 369 pp., \$1.50 n. 813.5

"Sister Carrie" and a much later novel, "Jennie Gerhardt," were substantial pieces of American naturalism. These eleven stories are slighter examples of the same genre. They leave, on the whole, a depressing sense of the humdrum, soul-crushing life of the individual gripped by the vast American machine. So far as he is a philosopher, the author is a thoroughgoing determinist. "Free" is typical—a sketch of a man ironically set free at sixty from a marriage that had blighted his personality. "The Second Choice" shows a young girl thrown into another such union by the perfidy of a romantic lover. "Nigger Jeff" is a grim tale of lynching. There are some good stories of rival journalists after a "scoop" and the like. Humour is not Mr. Dreiser's strong point, but he is an expert in exciting narrative; witness his prose-epic of a mighty battle between the Sanguinez and another nation of the ants.

**Drummond (Hamilton).** THE BETRAYERS. Kegan Paul [1919]. 7½ in. 288 pp., 6/n.

A historical story centring in the Emperor Frederick, "Stupor Mundi," and his conflict with Pope Innocent IV. Mr. Drummond makes good use of his picturesque thirteenth-century material, and the book is full of stirring incident and vivid descriptions.

**Morgan (William de).** THE OLD MADHOUSE. Heinemann, 1919. 7½ in. 567 pp., 7/n.

The plot of Mr. de Morgan's last, posthumous and unfinished novel turns upon the old madhouse which gives its name to the book. It is here that the mysterious disappearance of the Rev. Dr. Carteret takes place; here that his nephew falls in love with his friend's wife; here that the whole intrigue of the book is unravelled, and there that it would doubtless, had Mr. de Morgan lived to complete his work, have been untangled as well. But the plot of a book by Mr. de Morgan does not really much matter. The fun of it lies in all the innumerable things that delay the plot's action, that put off the fatal moment of writing "Finis"—in the charwomen who say the same things ten times over and get tangled up in their words, like Mr. Harry Tate in his deck-chair, in the comic dachshund, in the dinner-parties and tea-parties and cab-drives in which the characters perpetually get involved—in all that is, in fact, essentially de-Morganish in Mr. de Morgan's work. For those who enjoy de-Morganism the six hundred pages of "The Old Madhouse," in which the manner runs riot, will seem all too short..

**Rhodes (Kathlyn).** THE CITY OF PALMS. Hutchinson [1919]. 8 in. 288 pp., 6/9 n.

Constantinople and the North African oasis called by the Arabs the "City of Palms" furnish some pleasing descriptions of scenery and foreign life; but the villainous Rissik, half Turk and half Pole, with his plots and their frustration, and the rest of the incidents and sentiments, make but a commonplace story.

\***Sinclair (Upton).** JIMMY HIGGINS. Hutchinson [1919]. 8 in. 288 pp., 6/9 n. 813.5

Though propagandist in aim like Mr. Sinclair's other novels, this is a readable story with several absorbing episodes; for instance, the chapter telling how the poor little Socialist runt in the Yankee machinist corps wins the battle of "Chatty Terry," and perhaps is *the* man who won the war. It is a picture of American domestic troubles during the war, from the point of view of the worker, the internationalist, the rebel against tyranny, whether of Kaisers or of millionaires. We hope that the final scenes of torture and martyrdom by the American army police at Archangel, when Jimmy dies for the Bolsheviks, are exaggerated.

**Talbot (Jean).** FATE UNSEEN. Digby & Long, 1919. 7½ in. 239 pp., 6/ n.

This is a pleasingly ingenuous story of a man who spent four years of his youth in a Canadian gaol, had a fortune left him, and returned to England, married, became a churchwarden, and ultimately, after troubles, trials and backslidings, a good Christian. There are charming descriptions of clerical life; here, for example, is an unforgettable scene: "The new assistant curate . . . sang 'The Little Hero' to them with such pathos that there was hardly a dry eye to be seen; even the Church Lads clearing their throats and wiping their eyes furtively on the backs of their hands when they thought no one was looking."

**Tchekov (Anton).** THE BISHOP; and other stories ("St. Martin's Library"). Chatto & Windus, 1919. 6½ in. 314 pp., 3/ n. 891.7

See review, p. 777.

**Vorse (Mary Heaton).** THE PRESTONS. New York, Boni & Liveright, 1918. 7½ in. 427 pp., \$1.75 n. 813.5

This novel is a woman's account of her home and family. Everything is put down as it happens from day to day, a procedure justified only on the assumption that all happenings are of equal importance. Perhaps they are, but the author nowhere succeeds in making us feel that any of her incidents are of the slightest importance. The narrative is embedded, as it were, in the sentimentality we are accustomed to in American novels of this type.

**Yorke (Curtis).** THE LEVEL TRACK. Hutchinson [1919]. 7½ in. 288 pp., 6/9 n.

Prue, the "sunshiny" heroine, wishes to make a stir in the world, but home duties force her to lead a humdrum life until a chance meeting with a doctor is the first rung of the ladder to position and affluence. But some of the upper rungs are decidedly slippery; and a "designing minx" or "snake in the grass" (either appellative suits her) who has marked the doctor-baronet for her own, succeeds in poisoning the heroine's mind against her spouse. The misunderstanding is ultimately removed, though we think that Prue should not quite so readily have suspected her husband of what would have been a piece of transpontine villainy. The plot is unfolded in the easy, fluent manner characteristic of this author; and a pleasing novel is the result.

#### 910 GEOGRAPHY, ANTIQUITIES, TOPOGRAPHY.

**Anderson (Arthur Henry).** BOGNOR AND ITS NEIGHBOURHOOD FROM ARUNDEL TO BOSHAM, INCLUDING CHICHESTER AND SELSEY ("Homeland Handbooks"). Homeland Association, 1919. 7½ in. 91 pp. il. map, index, paper, 1/ n. 914.225

The *abandon* of Margate and Blackpool, the amusements and fashion of Brighton, the piscatorial delights of Yarmouth and Southend, the decorous quietude of Worthing and Little-

hampton, and the "tone" of Eastbourne and Scarborough, all have their admirers. At unpretentious Bognor the sojourner finds the "happy mean." Besides, all or most of the attractions we have named, an equable climate, and stretches of sand which can scarcely be excelled, the visitor finds a choice of numerous inland excursions of special interest, all of which are described in the guide-book before us—the third edition of no. 88 of this well-known series.

#### 920 BIOGRAPHY.

**Ligne (Prince Charles Joseph de).** EN MARGE DES RÉVÉRIES DU MARÉCHAL DE SAXE ("Œuvres Posthumes inédites," publiées par Félicien Leuridan). Paris, Champion, 1919. 7½ in. 84 pp. index, paper, 2fr. 50. 920

M. Leuridan is engaged in producing an edition of the posthumous works of the famous Prince de Ligne, of which this volume, containing the Prince's manuscript notes in his copy of the "Rêveries sur la Guerre" by the Maréchal de Saxe is the first instalment. These notes are of great interest; they show the Prince de Ligne as a man of profound common sense, which indeed we already knew him to be, and they also show the shrewd military thought of the "Fantaisies" and the "Préjugés Militaires" in the making. This little book should be in the library of every military historian. We congratulate M. Leuridan on the first-fruits of his labours.

#### 930-990 HISTORY.

**Papp (I. V.) and Erdélyi (J.).** LES MAGYARS PEINTS PAR EUX-MÊMES. Préface de Pertinax, Paris, Berger-Levrault [1919]. 7½ in. 155 pp. paper, 2fr. n. 943.91

It is always worth while to destroy a legend, and doubly important at the present time to destroy the particular legend which the authors of this book explode. It looks as though various Entente authorities are conspiring at the re-establishment of the Magyar oligarchy. The authors show by a series of quotations from the Magyar press that the Magyar aristocracy was the willing and enthusiastic tool of the most aggressive German designs. This should have been common knowledge long ago. But memories are short, and the bogey of Bolshevism is sufficient to make the unthinking once more susceptible to Magyar propaganda. No book could be more timely than this.

#### 940.9 THE GREAT EUROPEAN WAR.

**Lock (Major H. O.).** WITH THE BRITISH ARMY IN THE HOLY LAND. Scott, 1919. 9 in. 149 pp. maps, index, 7/6 n. 940.9

An account of the Palestine campaign by a soldier who took part in it. Major Lock's review of the general situation in the East, and his description of the country fought over and the manœuvres of the opposed armies, are admirably brief and lucid.

**Macedonia.** RAPPORTS ET ENQUÊTES DE LA COMMISSION INTER-ALLIÉE SUR LES VIOLATIONS DU DROIT DES GENS COMMISSES EN MACÉDOINE ORIENTALE PAR LES ARMÉES BULGARES. Paris, Berger-Levrault, 1919. 12 by 8 in. 646 pp., paper. 940.9

This is the full report of the result of the inquiries by the Inter-allied Commission in Eastern Macedonia. It consists of numerous depositions made both by men and women in each of the districts visited, and the whole constitutes a grave indictment of the behaviour of the Bulgarian soldiery. Statistics of damage and robbery are also given.

#### J. CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

**Garratt (Evelyn R.).** PEGGY'S WOLF ("Buttercups and Daisies" series). R.T.S. [1919]. 7½ in. 148 pp., 2/6 n. J.F.

How a high-spirited little girl of six tries to curb her own wayward temper, and effects a surprising transformation in that of a cross old lady who grunts and growls like the wolf in "Little Red Riding Hood," is pleasantly told by the author, who also introduces into her story a hero back from the war, and a placid little child rejoicing in the nickname of "Babs."